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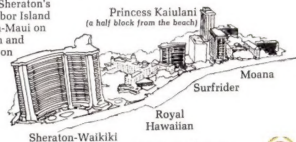
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Suddenly the war in Viet Nam was a big story again. TIME Saigon Bureau Chief Peter Range was hardly back from covering the desperate situation in Cambodia when the South Vietnamese government decided to abandon a large portion of the country in a strategic withdrawal. After a hectic scramble for transportation, Range managed to cede a seat on a flight to Danang, terminus for streams of refugees from the northern provinces. His eyewitness report accompanies this week's cover story. Meanwhile, heavy reinforcements of journalists from round the world were deployed to Saigon to help cover Viet Nam's darkening struggle, as noted in this week's Press section. Among them were TIME's newly appointed Tokyo bureau chief William Stewart, who spent 1966-70 "in country" with the State Department, and London correspondent William McWhirter, who reported the American buildup in Viet Nam for TIME from 1965 to 1967. Both got in touch with political and military sources to try to find out what the massive retreat would mean to President Thieu and his long-suffering country. Dispatches from all three correspondents formed the basis of the analysis of Viet Nam's crisis written by Richard Bernstein with the assistance of Reporter-Researcher Betty Sukyer.

Over in Cambodia, Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, who covered the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek's army for LIFE in 1949, reported that table talk among journalists in Phnom-Penh has turned abruptly and urgently to plans for escape. As if to underline the threat, a Khmer Rouge 105-mm. rocket last week blasted out windows in the Ministry of Education building where Rowan was conducting an interview. Rowan inspected one jagged shard of shrapnel still hot from the explosion.

A different sort of explosion shook the American press when it was revealed that the Central Intelligence Agency had salvaged part of a Soviet submarine sunk three miles deep in the mid-Pacific. The salvage operation, it is now known, was contracted out to a corporation controlled by Hermit-Billionaire Howard Hughes. TIME correspondents in Washington, Los Angeles and other cities probed confidential sources for details of the bizarre

operation. The story was made to order for Associate Editor David Tinnin, author of *Just About Everybody v. Howard Hughes* (Doubleday, 1973), a study of Hughes' victorious ten-year legal war against the nation's financial establishment. Tinnin is working on a second book—on an assassination campaign by an intelligence agency. He views the Hughes-CIA link caustically as "a wedding of our most secret agency and our most secretive citizen."

Ralph P. Davidson
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AT LONG LAST LOVE
Directed and Written by
PETER BOGDANOVICH

This Cole Porter coloring book, mounted with great expense and no taste, is one of those grand catastrophes that make audiences either hoot in derisive surprise or look away in embarrassment. Everyone smells blood: people in the movie industry talk disaster, and they do not mean burning office buildings or crippled airplanes; critics move the heavy artillery into place. This may be just the moment, then, if only out of simple charity, to attempt an



SHEPHERD & REYNOLDS IN LOVE
Breakdown or break?

uneasy truce with Peter Bogdanovich.

Bogdanovich's movies (like *What's Up, Doc?* and *Paper Moon*) are so smugly derivative of other, older directors that they seem virtually selfless. In his various media appearances, he comes on either as an unwired stand-up comic or an eager foil for Cybill Shepherd, his well-publicized but untalented girl friend. One has to go back to *Targets*. Bogdanovich's exciting first feature, to remember that he was a director of talent and promise.

No evidence of that here. *At Long Last Love* is the untidy summation of a career that has become lost in synthetic giddiness. There are 16 Cole Porter tunes, so many that the movie seems to be strung together from a series of song cues. What passes for plot concerns the romances of two couples—Burt Reynolds and, inevitably, Cybill Shepherd; Madeline Kahn and Duilio Del Prete—as they sing and dance through some

smoggy dream of the '30s. The couples do not sing very well, though, and in dancing resemble a troop of hikers trying to extinguish a campfire.

This may have been the point—a naturalistic musical in a fairy-tale setting. But none of the cast is either energetic or winning enough to make that interpretation believable. Even the few with musical training—like Kahn or Eileen Brennan, who appears as a crony of Shepherd's—flounder badly. Bogdanovich directs with such headlong uncertainty that obviously satiric numbers (*Give Me a Primitive Man*) come to look more like self-parody. The sets and costumes are of such resplendent ugliness that they go beyond campiness.

At Long Last Love might best be remembered as the movie that asks—or, unfortunately, sings—the question "Is it a breakdown, or merely a break?" That line from the title song might most appropriately be addressed to Bogdanovich himself. *At Long Last Love* cost \$6 million, but might almost be worth it if the movie represented the low point of Bogdanovich's talent—the point from which he can only ascend. **• Jay Cock**

Honor Bound

THE YAKUZA
Directed by SYDNEY POLLACK
Screenplay by PAUL SCHRADER
and ROBERT TOWNE

A cultural footnote: the Yakuza in Japan is very much like the Mafia State-side: a clandestine and very powerful criminal organization with heavy political connections. The Yakuza has its own code of conduct but, typically, the code has a kind of fearful stringency that makes the Mafia look by comparison like a gang of clubhouse rowdies.

This movie, a fitful action adventure starring an excellent Robert Mitchum, must first explain all about the Yakuza to uninitiated Westerners, so that the whole opening seems like an orientation course. The plot that has been contrived to go along with all this Yakuza lore is not a wieldy thing either. It has to do mostly with layers of intrigue and betrayal that end when Mitchum and a single ally (the engagingly somber Takakura Ken) take on what looks like the entire criminal population of Tokyo. This face-off makes for a bloody and modestly spectacular finale, but it is long in coming.

Precisely what Robert Mitchum is doing in Japan becomes a sticky point. Mitchum plays, rather snugly, a former private eye from California named Harry Kilmer whose pal Tanner (Brian Keith) calls an old marker on him. Tanner has promised to sell the Yakuza some guns but failed to deliver. In reprisal, the Yakuza has kidnapped his

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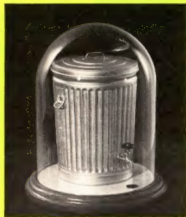
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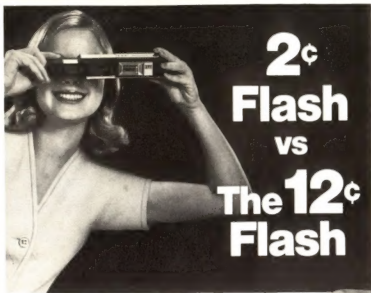
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MITCHUM IN THE YAKUZA
Serpentine strands.

daughter and is threatening to kill her. As it happens, Kilmer was stationed in Japan during the American occupation and supported a Japanese girl whose brother, thought to have been killed in the war, returned home and became Yakuza.

Though he has been out of the organization for a decade, the brother is compelled by honor to help Kilmer. *The Yakuza* is much concerned with these matters of duty. The obligation is a burden, but the brother takes a grave pride in helping his sister's old lover. What is canny in this movie is the way these various obligations are made to snake around each other, then abruptly thrust inward to threaten and destroy. Unfortunately, these serpentine strands also cause a great deal of confusion and hobble the movie just when it should be moving briskly along.

Mystical Grace. Director Sydney Pollack (*They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *The Way We Were*) is not a master of the action genre. *The Yakuza*'s scenes of violence lack real force. For all the slashings, knife fights and ritual sacrificing of fingers, the film is, strangely, not violent enough. It does not catch at all the awful mystical grace that can draw and hold a man to such a life. The violence is held down, whereas the intricacies of the Yakuza are too extensively explained. The movie would have been more chilling had it been stranger, if all the ritual and violence were part of a world that was wholly mysterious—and therefore more immediate, more threatening.

■ J.C.

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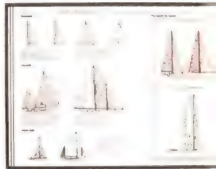
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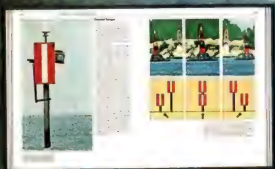
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Romance of the Century

AND NOW MY LOVE

Directed by CLAUDE LÉLOUCH
Screenplay by CLAUDE LÉLOUCH
and PETER UYTENDHOEVEN

It is asking a good deal of a film to expect it not only to depict history but enhance it. At the start of his new movie, Claude Lelouch seems about to make just such an attempt. *And Now My Love* begins like a silent movie. In the early years of the century, a Parisian cameraman (Charles Denner) is trying out his marvelous new movie machine in a park. He focuses on a lovely woman (Marthe Keller). In the series of fast cuts that follows, he marries her, she becomes pregnant, and he gets news of the birth of his daughter moments before he is killed during the first World War.

Twenty-five years later the daughter, now grown up, meets a boy, both playing again by Keller and Denner. The meeting itself is extraordinary, a moment of strangeness and promise. It occurs on board a train loaded with passengers who are the devastated victims of concentration camps. The familiarity of the scene, the desolation of the faces, is awful. Yet Lelouch challenges our usual response by having a radio play Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade* in the background. The song throws the scene into starker relief. The passengers are re-



DENNER IN *AND NOW*
Grand passion.

vealed not as victims but as survivors being ushered into the postwar world.

Unfortunately, all this is kind of an elaborate teaser, a prologue that explores the ancestry of the woman who will ultimately be the heroine of the film. Despite Lelouch's insubstantial reputation, based on the success of *A Man and a Woman* (1966), he has in fact made at least two witty, true love stories (*Love Is a Funny Thing* and *Happy New Year*). In *And Now My Love*, Lelouch starts to equal them, then turns away and instead reconfirms everyone's darkest thoughts about his unregenerate slickness.

The offspring of the couple on the train is a young woman (Keller, naturally) of great means and unhappy passions. The man she eventually meets (Andre Dussollier) is a commercial director turned feature film maker who possesses the sort of airy style one inevitably associates with Lelouch himself. *And Now My Love* mostly has to do with bringing these two prospective paramours together. Lelouch relentlessly follows their separate stories until he sits his lovers down next to each other on a flight from Paris to New York. We have it from the director himself that a grand passion is born right there in first class. Lelouch illustrates this new state of affairs by showing the lovers' separate suitcases corying up to each other on the baggage ramp.

American Title. Such gushy infidelities are far more common in *And Now My Love* than the hard enterprise of the train sequence. The movie looks, overall, like one of the hero's commercials. There is an appearance by the singer-composer Gilbert Becaud, whose most famous composition gave this film its American title. His presence seems a wholly unnecessary novelty, and his songs are performed on the sound track with no-nonsense billing in the subtitles. "Sung by Gilbert Becaud" flashes on the screen every time a scrap of melody is played. It is not the sort of thing to brag about. ■ J.C.

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MAY 1967: AMERICAN NAVY MEDIC FINDS IT IS TOO LATE TO HELP FALLEN U.S. MARINE IN BATTLE OVER KHE SANH VALLEY

TIME

Mar. 31, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 13

AMERICAN NOTES

Expanding the Mandate

When it was established in 1947, the National Security Council was assigned the task of advising "the President with respect to the integration of domestic foreign, and military policies... with respect to national security." In the ensuing years the term national security has come to be seen as a question of military preparedness and related foreign policy planning. General Maxwell Taylor, retired Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, thinks it is now time that the definition and the NSC were broadened. Writing in the winter 1975 issue of *Orbis*, a quarterly journal of world affairs, Taylor maintains that in the next period of world development the U.S. will find that "the main threats to our security, at least in their initial stages, will take nonmilitary form." As a prime example he offers the 1973 hike in oil prices by the OPEC nations, which he calls "a kind of economic Pearl Harbor in which warnings bearing on its imminence were either ignored, misread or filed without reaching the officials responsible for action."

The better to anticipate and forecast the effects of such dislocations in resources, Taylor proposes creation of a National Policy Council, which would be an expansion of the NSC from its present four members—the President, Vice President, Secretary of State and Secretary of Defense—to seven, adding the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and a presidentially appointed representative of the economic sector. Policy planning and research would be broadened and proceed along four lines: foreign military, economic, fiscal monetary and

public welfare. The four panels would work with relevant departments in Government and offer recommendations—but steer clear of decision making. Such an NPC might be so large it would become as unwieldy as the Executive Branch, but Taylor is surely right in suggesting a new emphasis on the interdependency of military and nonmilitary planning in the years ahead.

Maladministration

As a further hedge against age and sex discrimination, the Department of Labor will issue a supplement to its *Dictionary of Occupational Titles* in May, rendering job titles inoffensively neuter—if offensively bland and even silly. The fully revised fourth edition of the dictionary will not be out until 1976, but the department has decided that now is the time for all good neuters to come to the aid of their job descriptions. Had the dictionary's compilers held sway in an earlier time, Arthur Miller's play could have been called *Death of a Sales Representative*, and that well-known refugee from Krypton might have been named Superperson.

Something seems lost in the translation, but henceforth, says the department, a brewmaster will perform his duties as a brewing consultant. A governor will be a child mentor. In an incomprehensibly backward step, a valet will be known as a gentleman's attendant. One will henceforth be seen into the world by a birth attendant, not a midwife. And an offal man's duties in slaughterhouses and meat-packing plants will become the awful work of an offal separator. What of the Labor Department's own Manpower Administration? Says a spokesperson: "They haven't figured that one out yet."

All Clear?

To someone, somewhere—but whom?—the memorandum circulated recently at Harvard Business School's division of computer service doubtless made perfect sense. It read, in full: "We have been informed by DEC that a bug in the normalization algorithm used in three MACRO instructions (FADI, FSBI and FMPI) can cause a FORTRAN double precision compare to give incorrect results. A double precision compare should be accurate to 16 digits. This bug can cause the compare to give incorrect results in the ninth digit. We will notify all users as soon as we receive a solution to the problem from DEC."

Ordinary mortals might blanch at such howlingly incomprehensible computerese, but the message turned out to be, if not altogether graspable, at least mildly approachable. The errant computer in question was built by Digital Equipment Corporation (DEC) and installed at Harvard five years ago, presumably reliably analyzing data at a steady, comforting clip. No one discovered until early this month that it was inaccurate in, of all places, the ninth digit—still quite serviceable for run-of-the-mill computer wizardry, but not the very best the machine was fully capable of. Some infinitesimally remote calculation was slipping ever so slightly out of its grasp. The flaw is so minuscule a problem that most routine users probably would not discover it unless they were weighing electrons, and the Harvard computer is due to be corrected shortly. "What, in plain language, is the matter?" I could explain the whole problem to you," said an assistant manager at the business school, "but it would take several hours and a blackboard." Thanks anyway.



SOUTH VIETNAMESE REFUGEES FLEEING SOUTHWARD FROM HUÉ AFTER GOVERNMENT WARNS OF COMMUNIST TROOP BUILDUP

THE NATION

FOREIGN POLICY

South Viet Nam: The Final Reckoning

Hue... Khe Sanh... An Loc... Quang Tri... The names stir bitter memories of battle sites drenched in blood, the blood of thousands of Vietnamese and Americans who fought so hard and suffered so much to defend or retake those contested pieces of land. Once these places were proclaimed essential to the survival of South Viet Nam and, in the view of successive U.S. Administrations, to the ultimate security of America. Now, in a stunning and unexpected move, the South Vietnamese were pulling out.

Saigon had decided abruptly to abandon much of its territory to the Communist forces, sending long lines of forlorn refugees stumbling southward from northern provinces and the Central Highlands. They were joined by demoralized ARVN soldiers, whose rushed retreat was aimed strategically, and perhaps wisely, at reinforcing the defenses of Saigon and the Mekong Delta.

Beyond Control. The events, understandably, spread gloom to a big Boeing 707 jet flying over the deserts of Saudi Arabia one day last week. U.S. reporters on board heard one of the blackest assessments of global events ever uttered by a certain "senior American official." That prescribed euphemism, of course, failed to disguise the obvious source: Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. To hear him tell it, sounding like an airborne Spengler, American foreign policy seemed to be spinning out of control—and almost solely because Americans had plunged masochistically into a self-destructive attitude toward world

affairs induced by their Viet Nam and Watergate experiences. Kissinger warned that the Russians and Chinese might conclude that the U.S. no longer has the will to act and might apply new pressures against American interests wherever they could.

Kissinger linked the uncertainty over U.S. aid to Cambodia and South Viet Nam with other current U.S. diplomatic setbacks, including his difficulties in arranging an Israeli pullback in the Sinai. At week's end, with the Arab-Israeli talks deadlocked, Kissinger gave up and flew home to Washington, leaving the future for peace in the Middle East in disarray (see THE WORLD).

While negotiating in Jerusalem, Aswan and Damascus, Kissinger had kept a worried eye on the rapidly deteriorating situation in Viet Nam. Bitterly, he blamed Congress for failing to continue a high level of military aid to the Saigon government. If he had had any inkling at all that U.S. aid would be cut back, he insisted, "I could not in good conscience have negotiated" the Paris Accords of 1973. "If we had put forward a reasonable effort and then they collapsed," he said of the South Vietnamese forces, "that's one situation. But if their collapse is traceable to our cutting back the aid year after year, that's another thing."

In fact, however, the Paris agreement made no specific commitment to continued U.S. military aid, although it did permit each side to replace its then existing military equipment. This could be construed as an implied U.S. obli-

gation to resupply the ARVN, although the agreement was also based on the premise that the fighting was to sputter out and stop. Kissinger was on shaky ground, too, in assuming that the U.S. Congress would remain committed to indefinite continuance of military aid whatever the sense of the nation at the time. The accords did not require and did not receive ratification by Congress.

Similar thoughts were expressed last week by President Ford. To support economic aid, Ford revived the much-labeled "domino theory" of falling nations. "If we have one country after another—allies of the United States—losing faith in our word, losing faith in our agreements with them, yes, I think the first one to go could vitally affect the national security of the United States," he insisted. He also warned against a "new isolationism" among Americans. "We are counseled to withdraw from the world and go it alone," he said. "I have heard that song before. I am not going to dance to it."

Doom Prophecies. There were other events to support the alarms of the Ford Administration. Thailand suggested that it might order the U.S. to stop using that nation's airfields for munitions flights to Cambodia and to withdraw all military missions in Thailand within a year. In Western Europe, where U.S. strategic interests are far greater, the government of Portugal turned more leftward, possibly jeopardizing the future of U.S. bases in the Azores and Portugal's commitments to NATO.

The view that all such events are

THE NATION

linked has long been held by Kissinger. Yet the idea seems both faulty and dangerous when applied so obsessively to such peripheral situations as South Viet Nam and Cambodia. As U.S. policymakers argue for last-ditch aid to Cambodia, for instance, warning of worldwide repercussions if the demands are denied, they run the risk of creating self-fulfilling prophecies of doom. Certainly Americans are disillusioned with their Viet Nam experience, and rightly so. They are less ready to support U.S. military aid or intervention elsewhere. But that does not mean that even the collapse of South Viet Nam would turn Americans so sour on foreign affairs that they would desert their commitments in more vital areas: Europe, the Middle East, Japan and some other parts of Asia. There will be no such desertion, unless the Ford-Kissinger rhetoric convinces the public that each global trouble spot is equally significant, or equally insignificant, to the U.S.

Tragic Effort. The hard fact is that the government of Cambodia's Lon Nol is tenuous at best and probably ultimately untenable. South Viet Nam has far stronger moral claims on U.S. support, and, until this week at least, seemed to have far greater strength to resist. But in Viet Nam too, U.S. military aid cannot go on indefinitely. President Ford's suggestion of three more years and \$5.5 billion is undoubtedly too much for Congress. On the other hand, the proposal to cut off military aid by June 30 would end the help too abruptly. Dates and amounts are arguable.

Is the rest of the world really losing confidence in America because of events in Indochina? The evidence so far suggests otherwise. Most of the world some time ago absorbed the long-overdue U.S. decision to cut its losses in Southeast Asia, after an enormous and tragic effort. Many of America's friends indeed were relieved, and still are, hoping that the U.S. will henceforth be freer to concentrate on other areas and problems. Confidence in America ultimately depends not on the aftermath of Viet Nam but on how firmly and wisely the U.S. acts elsewhere.

ESPIONAGE

The Great Submarine Snatch

It all began with an accident. Some time in 1968, somewhere in the northwest Pacific, the Soviet submarine surfaced to recharge its batteries. There was an explosion, perhaps caused by a spark that ignited trapped gases in the hull. Before a single member of the crew could escape, the craft plummeted to the ocean floor about three miles below. But not to an unknown grave. U.S. Navy devices picked up the stricken submarine's last throes and were able to place the wreckage within a ten-mile-square area. The Soviet task force searched for traces of its missing vessel far from the actual site. When the Soviets finally gave up looking, U.S. authorities realized that only they knew the lost submarine's resting place—and Project Jennifer was born.

Part I: The Salvage Operation

Project Jennifer, whose existence was disclosed last week, grew into an enterprise that eventually cost \$350 million, employed more than 4,000 people, and brought into partnership America's most secret institution, the CIA, and its most secret citizen, Howard Hughes. It also, in its way, pushed the limits of engineering and technology almost as far as Project Apollo, which took man to the moon, and may well have been the largest and most expensive espionage effort in the long history of man's spying on man. The aim was simple: to raise the submarine from its grave without the Soviets' knowledge, in order to learn some of the secrets of their nuclear weaponry, targeting and codes. The submarine was believed to be armed with three nuclear missiles and perhaps some nuclear-tipped torpedoes; like all Soviet warships, it had an array of sophisticated coding and decoding devices for secret communication.

The first step was to locate the submarine precisely. The Navy dispatched to the waters north of Hawaii its ultra-

secret research ship *Mizar*, a floating electronics laboratory. Like a fishing boat seeking to snare an exotic fish, *Mizar* put overboard an array of devices: sonar, electronic scanners, cameras equipped with powerful strobe lights, and a magnetic sensor that reacts to the presence of metal on the seabed. For two months *Mizar* patiently towed its paraphernalia across every inch of the ten-mile-square area until it had detected, scanned and thoroughly photographed the Soviet submarine.

The next problem was to bring the sub to the surface. Since the operation would have to be paid for and carried out in deepest secrecy, the Navy turned to the CIA for help. One of the agency's deputy directors presented the proposal to Richard Helms, then CIA director. "He damn near threw me out the window," says the man, recalling Helms' initial reaction. "'You must be crazy,' he told me."

Later, Helms began to see the beauty of the plan. Soon his other top aides, who knew nothing about the proposal, became curious about the brisk parade of Pentagon officials and high-ranking Navy officers that passed through Helms' office.

Once the green light was received from the White House, the CIA knew exactly whom they wanted to use as the cover for the submarine salvage: Howard Hughes, the eccentric billionaire who personally commands a business empire of airlines, hotels and electronics companies. Explains a CIA official: "The Hughes organization had the technical know-how for a project of that difficulty, and moreover Hughes has a passion for secrecy, which frankly was precisely what we had in mind." There were other advantages. The new president of Hughes Aircraft, A.D. Wheelon, was an agency alumnus, and the upper ranks of the company were studded with former ranking military and CIA officers. Hughes was known to be intrigued by

G-CLASS SOVIET SUBMARINE SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT WAS LOST IN AN ACCIDENT IN PACIFIC OCEAN IN 1968

28/NA-77



the possibility of mining the sea for mineral deposits. That interest would make an ideal cover under which to conceal the salvage operation.

Hughes was also pleased—so pleased that he took the project on for very little fee profit. For the design of the entire recovery system, Hughes revived his old relationship with Lockheed Co. The firm, which has in recent years acquired expertise in deep-sea rescue vessels, developed an innovative design. The main ship—a hefty 36,000-tonner that would be 618 ft. in length and 115.5 ft. in beam—would serve as a floating, highly stable platform. Amidships would stand a high derrick that would pass piping directly through a well, or "moon pool," in the ship's hull, which could be opened or closed with a sliding panel. The ship's companion was to be a huge submersible barge roughly the size of a football field, which would be covered by an oval roof. The barge's purposes would be to carry the huge retrieval claws that would grapple for the submarine and later transport it to the U.S. The roof was meant to conceal its cargo from prying Soviet satellites.

With those plans in hand, Hughes' men sought out builders. They engaged the respected Los Angeles-based firm of Global Marine Inc. to supervise the construction of the ship and chose the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. to construct the ship, which was to be christened the *Glomar Explorer*. The barge, designated the HMB-1, was constructed by the National Steel & Shipbuilding Co. in San Diego. While the ships were abuilding, the Hughes people, who normally are noncommittal, delighted in spreading stories about Hughes' deep-sea-mining plans. Everyone, including *TIME* (July 29), accepted Hughes' account, and the press ran glowing stories about the ship's capabilities. "If all sails smoothly," went one typical newspaper account, "the mystery ship may be at work next year, scooping such metals as titanium, manganese, uranium, copper and nickel up out of the depths to add to the fortune of the world's wealthiest recluses."

Shakedown Cruise. The *Glomar Explorer's* 170-man crew was selected and put on contract by the CIA. The 40 men on the mining staff obviously knew the ship's secret mission; the others probably did not. All refused to talk to outsiders about the ship, except to say that it had a gymnasium and the food was good. On Nov. 4, 1972, the *Glomar Explorer* was launched and left shortly thereafter on its shakedown cruise. According to one account, it tested its detection equipment and some of its recovery systems at the site of the 1968 accidental explosion of the U.S. nuclear-powered submarine *Scorpion*, which went down near the Azores in about 10,000 ft. of water.

Then *Glomar Explorer*, her beam too wide for the Panama Canal, sailed round the Horn and made for Los Angeles,



GLOMAR EXPLORER WITH DERRICK AMIDSHIPS USED TO RAISE THE SOVIET SUBMARINE

where she rendezvoused with her companion, HMB-1. Fittingly, *Glomar Explorer* docked at Long Beach's Pier E, which is located only about 50 yds. from the hangar that for years has housed Hughes' gigantic plywood flying boat, known irreverently as "the Spruce Goose." Though Howard Hughes last month finally agreed to dispose of the Goose, giving parts of it to the Smithsonian, it remains at present in the hangar, a monument to his single-minded determination.

Delicate Operation. Sightseers were barred from approaching either the ship or the barge. When local fire officials insisted upon inspecting HMB-1, they found its interior completely shrouded by tarpaulins. "Surveillance TV cameras follow anyone who approaches the barge, and guards with big pistols walk beside you on board," reported a tug pilot who once towed the barge.

Towing the ungainly barge in her wake, the *Glomar Explorer* headed for the open sea on June 20, 1974, ready at last to attempt the culmination of Project Jennifer. By about mid-July the odd convoy reached the site of the sunken Soviet sub. The delicate salvage operation got under way. Despite the chop of waves and force of the current, it was necessary for the *Glomar Explorer* to maintain an almost impossible stationary position, straying no more than 50 ft. in any direction. To do that, the ship dropped a series of bottom-placed transducers, which detected the force and direction of the water's flow and transmitted that information to a shipboard computer. The computer, in turn, kept the ship in one place by activating a series of water jets and small propellers placed at intervals along the ship's hull. Next the barge opened its sea cocks until it had taken on enough water to sink



HOWARD HUGHES (1947)
The most secret citizen.

to a depth of 150 ft. It was maneuvered directly beneath the *Glomar Explorer's* moon pool and held in place by stanchions from the mother ship. Pipe from the ship reached down to the barge and attached itself to the giant grappling claws, which resembled a series of four or six interconnected ice tongs hanging from a long platform. Then the ship's crew began to feed length after length of pipe through the hole. By the time the claw reached the Soviet submarine 16,000 ft. below, the pipe alone weighed more than 400,000 lbs. Television cameras equipped with strobe lights enabled the claw operators to see what they were doing (see diagram page 25).

One by one, the giant grappels, which were attached by cables to the *Glomar Explorer*, seized sections of the stricken submarine in their steel jaws. Slowly the winches aboard the *Glomar*

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THE NATION

Explorer began to lift the submarine from its grave, tugging hard to unstuck the hull from the seabed. It was a nerve-racking process. The submarine's dead weight of at least 4,000 tons taxed even *Glomar Explorer's* powerful winches. The ship shuddered and reverberated with the protesting scream of straining electric engines and the scrape of taut steel cables.

At some point in the lift—one estimate places it at about halfway up the 16,000 ft.—the cables rattled. Though the cause remains a secret, the consequence was soon evident. The sub's hull, already weakened and damaged by the explosion and severe water pressures, cracked into two pieces. According to the CIA's account, the aft two-thirds, including the conning tower and the coveted missiles and code room, slipped back to the seabed. The forward third, which remained gripped firmly in the grappels, was deposited in the still submerged barge. Blowing its water ballast, HMB-1 rose to the surface. Even if only partially successful, as the CIA claims, the mission was a major technological achievement. Nothing so large had ever before been raised from so great a depth.

Aware that the salvage operation would also raise the bodies of the dead Russian officers and men, the CIA had made what it felt was the proper arrangements. The *Glomar Explorer* was equipped with special cooling facilities that could accommodate up to 100 corpses. In the forward section of the submarine were a number of bodies. While a loudspeaker played a recording of the Soviet national anthem, a funeral service was read in Russian and English. As a CIA cameraman filmed the proceedings in color and sound, the bodies were buried at sea from the *Glomar Explorer*, each neatly shrouded in canvas.

Part II: Aims of the Mission

Was the Project Jennifer worth the necessary? Would it have been worth its high price tag if the entire submarine had been recovered? Some congressional critics of the CIA last week said no. Senator Frank Church suggested that the agency had wasted money on the project, saying, "No wonder we are broke." By contrast, a top CIA official insists that had the project succeeded, it would have been "the biggest single intelligence coup in history."

Such a claim rests on the incredibly complex and ever-changing nature of military technology. To U.S. analysts, the sunken submarine contained a potential treasure-trove of invaluable and hitherto unattainable information. No outsider can imagine the degree to which the U.S. and the Soviet Union are locked in intense competition to gain an edge, no matter how slight, over each other in a whole array of weapons systems and intelligence-gathering devices. Hence each side seeks to find out all it



SUB-RECOVERY BARGE AT BERTH IN CALIFORNIA

Wary about the prying eyes of Soviet satellites.

can about the other's weaponry, countermeasures, and research.

U.S. experts study Soviet equipment captured from Arab armies by the Israelis, but that is only conventional weaponry. For knowledge about Soviet nuclear missiles, the U.S. relies mainly on the pictures of Soviet missiles taken by intelligence satellites that course across Soviet skies and aerial reconnaissance shots of Soviet test firings that record the re-entry of Soviet warheads in the Pacific. But so far as is known, U.S. experts have never had the opportunity

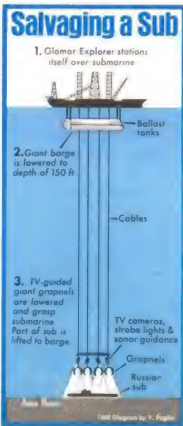
to run their hands over a Soviet nuclear warhead, or look inside. Nor, presumably, have U.S. cryptographers ever had the chance to examine the construction of a Soviet cipher machine or to read Soviet code books.

The sunken submarine offered those opportunities. The diesel-driven ship of the G or Golf class (vintage 1958-62) had long since been made obsolete by the Soviet nuclear-powered submarines of the Yankee and Delta classes. Nonetheless, in the superstructure behind its tall conning tower, the submarine typically carried three nuclear-tipped missiles of the Serb class, which has a 650-mile range and a 500 kiloton warhead. At the time the SALT I negotiations were about to start, and an examination of the Serb warheads would have given U.S. experts an invaluable insight into the state of Soviet nuclear technology. They could have learned about the reliability, accuracy and method of triggering the nuclear matter of Soviet missiles. They could have compared their earlier evaluations based on satellite data against the real thing. Hence U.S. negotiators could have entered the SALT talks with the advantage of having a clearer understanding of Soviet nuclear strength.

Defense System. In 1968 the U.S. was building a widespread anti-missile defense system intended to intercept and destroy Soviet ICBMs before they struck American cities. A study of the guidance system and flight characteristics of the Soviet warhead would have enabled U.S. scientists to program more effectively the computers directing the U.S.'s targeting radar.

There were other incentives. The Navy had never examined a Soviet torpedo; the G-class subs carried at least ten in bow and aft tubes. U.S. naval experts also had never subjected the steel used in Soviet sub hulls to metallurgical analysis. Test results could tell them how deep Soviet subs can dive, a vital bit of information in undersea warfare.

The U.S. intelligence community has its own special enthusiasms. Aboard



THE NATION

the sub were cipher machines and Soviet code manuals; provided they were stored in watertight safes, those manuals might still be legible. "It would be an absolutely unique, unprecedented opportunity to capture an entire Soviet code room," said a ranking U.S. intelligence expert. "We have never before had access to the Soviets' top-secret cryptographic equipment or to any individual who had worked inside one of their code rooms."

In retrospect, many intelligence experts now play down the potential value of obtaining a code machine and possibly a legible code book. They point out that code machines, Western and Russian models alike, are constructed in a manner that enables the operator to reset circuits and insert new encoding or

mining scheme implausible but that "we had to treat it seriously because we all knew that Howard Hughes does not involve himself in uneconomic undertakings." Some knowledgeable defense contractors and electronics makers doubted the *Glomar Explorer's* stated purpose because of the extraordinary specifications of contracts, such as those for the giant grappling hooks and the cryptographic equipment. The fact that the seamen of the *Glomar Explorer* were not permitted to frequent the usual Long Beach bars aroused local curiosity.

But the CIA had only two real security scares before the story finally broke. The first came in 1973, when a labor dispute erupted between engineers and the mining complement on board the *Glomar Explorer*. The engineers re-

curring accuracy, some people speculated that either it was an inside job in which Hughes had in effect robbed himself to get rid of incriminating documents, or the CIA did the favor for him. Then a man claiming to represent the burglars offered to return the documents in exchange for \$500,000.

Alerted that the stolen papers could endanger national security, the FBI tried to buy them back, but the deal fell through. Last week a grand jury in California returned a secret indictment in the theft. It reportedly cited only one defendant, Donald Woolbright, who is still at large. But in the process of investigating the theft, local police got into the act, and eventually the Los Angeles *Times* got a garbled version of Jennifer from a tipster. On Feb. 8 of this year the newspaper ran a story about a CIA-Hughes contract to raise a Soviet submarine supposedly sunk in the Atlantic. The CIA waited with bated breath to see if the rest of the press would pick it up or, worse, if the Soviets would.

Astonishingly, insists the CIA, the Soviets did not, which presumably means that there are some very nervous KGB agents somewhere in the Western Hemisphere this week. But the press kept asking the CIA questions about Howard Hughes and submarines. Eventually, Director Colby moved to suppress the story, pleading national security. His rationale: since Moscow still had not got wind of Jennifer, *Glomar Explorer* this summer would return in good weather to attempt to raise the rest of the submarine, and secrecy was needed to protect the operation. All this posed a sharp dilemma for editors (see THE PRESS).

Quick Switch. What Colby offered was unusual: briefings on Jennifer in exchange for silence. He seemed to feel that only by being briefed on the stakes involved could the press be expected to join the conspiracy of silence.

A curious turnaround took place once the story did become public: the CIA had nothing more to say about Jennifer. The formula seemed simple if slightly surreal: "We'll tell you something if you won't tell anybody; now that you've told everybody, we won't tell you anything."

Reason for that wall of silence: by not publicly admitting the existence of Jennifer, the U.S. hopes to permit the Soviets to avoid any official response that could damage relations between the two nations. Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev is due to visit the U.S. this summer, and CIA officials remember all too well that Moscow used the U-2 spy-plane incident to ruin a summit in 1960. Last week, when the Jennifer saga broke, the acting Soviet ambassador in Washington sent a strong cable to Moscow advising the Kremlin to make a firm protest to Washington. But Moscow has remained silent, and the Soviet press has not mentioned the matter at all.

BARBON THE STAFF



"Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to (click) self-destruct in five seconds (click) Your mission..."

decoding disks at random so that yesterday's code may give scant clue to today's. Even so, influential U.S. cryptologists at the time believed that an examination of the Russian equipment would increase the possibility that the U.S. might finally succeed in breaking Soviet codes, a feat that in 1968 had still defied the best efforts of the American intelligence community.

Part III: The Story Gets Out

Although so many thousands of people worked on Jennifer in a dozen Government departments and private companies, the project was a remarkably well-kept secret for more than six years. There were occasional suspicions. Famed Oceanologist Jacques Yves Cousteau, for example, said last week that he had always thought Hughes'

sent the fact that the mining technicians, rather than the captain, really ran the ship. That dispute moved quietly into the courts. The second scare came shortly before the *Glomar Explorer* put to sea to salvage the submarine. A rash of burglaries of Hughes' company offices scattered across the West culminated in the early morning of June 5, 1974, in a break-in of Hughes' two-story communications and storage center at 7000 Romaine Street in Los Angeles.

A group of four or five armed men slipped past a formidable electronic alarm system and heavy locks and overwhelmed the guard. Using acetylene torches, the men burned their way into the safes and filing cabinets that contained some of Hughes' most sensitive documents, including one memo outlining his participation in Jennifer. Since the robbery was executed with such un-

Part IV: Puzzling Aftermath

A host of puzzles large and small clings to the Jennifer story. Example: Why was Hughes so anxious to make the CIA connection that the Jennifer partnership represented? According to Robert Maheu, an ex-FBI agent and former manager of Hughes' operations in Nevada, the billionaire had tried for years to arrange a connection with the CIA. Explained Maheu: "He wanted it so that Uncle Sam could never take after him. If he got in a jam with the Internal Revenue Service or the Securities and Exchange Commission, they couldn't afford to touch him because of what he was doing with the CIA." But it was the agency, in fact, that made the initial approach to Hughes about Project Jennifer.

It was followed, however, by several other arrangements, TIME has learned. For example, the agency supplied information about Maheu in connection with his successful defamation suit against Hughes for calling him a thief. For their part, Hughes' employees kept the CIA informed about the activities of White House Plumber E. Howard Hunt. Among other things, they reported that he had interviewed ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard and planned to rifle the files of Las Vegas Publisher Hank Greenspun in search of information that might embarrass Democratic Presidential Candidate Edmund Muskie. At the time, ex-CIA Agent Hunt was also working for Robert R. Mullen & Co., a now defunct public relations firm in Washington that provided cover for CIA agents in Europe and the Far East. The firm was headed by Robert Bennett, who also worked for Hughes.

Then there is the puzzle of why so many reporters for major newspapers, magazines and TV networks simultaneously stumbled upon the Jennifer trail. On the morning after, some journalists got the feeling that the CIA had actually been helpful all along in getting the story out, while at the same time it apparently tried to suppress the story. There are several theories, including the reasonable possibility that the agency effort was just what it seemed to be. Another is that, battered by a lot of bad publicity of late, the agency felt that it was time for some good news. Jennifer was a clean, highly creative enterprise that had served its purpose.

A third and by no means improbable theory has it that in fact Jennifer wholly succeeded: the entire submarine, missiles, codes and all, was raised intact and gleamed. But with the story beginning to leak out, it was decided to make one final effort to deceive the Soviets on the extent of the coup by floating a version of only partial success. The last theory goes off into the wild blue yonder, suggesting that raising a Soviet submarine was not Jennifer's mission at all, but the supreme cover for a secret mission as yet safely secure.

Shivering from Overexposure

There are those who fear that continuing controversy, of which Project Jennifer is only the latest fuel, may irreparably damage the CIA. The dissen- sion has contributed to an exodus of veteran employees, among them David Phillips, 52, former chief of CIA operations in Latin America, who resigned last week and advised CIA Director William Colby that he planned to organize an association of retired intelligence officers to defend the agency. But younger employees have also been affected. In Washington, for example, some young analysts had joined the CIA only after assurances from recruiters that the cloak-and-dagger exploits of the cold war were a thing of the past. Now some of these idealistic employees are disillusioned. At the same time, CIA agents in Western Europe are worried that they can no longer count on headquarters to protect them. As a result, they are reluctant to mount any risky or out-of-the-ordinary operations and mutter darkly that the CIA debate only encourages the Soviet Union's KGB to step up efforts to penetrate Western defenses.

Colby's more pressing concern, however, is the controversy's effect on the agents operating under deep cover in Communist and other potential enemy countries and on allied and other friendly intelligence organizations. He told TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott: "A lot of them are in a state of shock. They cannot put into their own framework this idea of going on television, going to Capitol Hill, going into these secrets. They ask, 'Are we going to get in the middle of this? Is it going to come out that we have this secret relationship?'"

Buttoned Up. Colby believes that he can allay such fears, if the members and staffers of the House and Senate investigating committees now being set up to look into the intelligence community exercise restraint in their requests for access to secrets and prevent what they receive from being leaked.

The committees share Colby's concern about leaks. House Committee Chairman Lucien Nedzi plans to hire a director who can keep his staff buttoned up, much as John Doar did for the House Judiciary Committee's inquiry into the impeachment of Richard Nixon. At the request of the Senate committee, the FBI and CIA installed electronic devices to secure the committee's workroom from bugging and illegal entry. Staffers will be required to go through FBI and CIA security checks, and have been told that they will be fired if they discuss their work with outsiders. Further, the staff members will be prohibited from removing any materials from the room.

Colby told Talbott that in principle he welcomed the investigations. He said: "There has been much exaggeration and misunderstanding. I both hope and sincerely believe that after reviewing the

whole matter, it will come out that these were minor problems rather than major issues." The director predicted that the hearings will result in closer congressional scrutiny of the CIA, though he added: "This confronts us with a problem. How do you resolve the need for secrecy with the desire of a substantial number of Congressmen to have significant knowledge?"

In Secret. Colby argued against some suggested reforms of CIA operations. He opposed restricting the agency's clandestine activities to those first approved by a congressional watchdog committee because it would "interrupt the constitutional process of the Exec-



COLBY BEFORE A HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE
"A state of shock."

utive executing and the Legislative legislating. If you put the Congressmen in the chain of operations, I think you have a very complicated problem of who is really responsible." As for the proposal that Congress set specific guidelines for CIA activities, Colby said: "It would be very hard to set any that wouldn't come back and bite us some day." Instead, he urged that the agency be required only to report on its activities after the fact to a congressional committee.

Congress may not be in the mood to accept this, and no doubt stronger supervision is needed to guard against illegal CIA activities. But in the real world, in which other nations engage in espionage and "dirty tricks," the U.S. cannot do without an agency more or less like the CIA, and such an agency must, up to a considerable point, function in secret.

CONGRESS

Toward the Biggest Tax Cut

Moving in fits and starts, and fending off more than 100 often spurious amendments, the Senate last week approved the largest tax cut in U.S. history. Coupled with a historic repeal of the 49-year-old oil-depletion allowance for all but the smallest independent oil producers, the \$33 billion tax-relief bill must now be compromised with a similar, although smaller \$21.3 billion cut approved by the House. Under heavy pressure from the White House to act speedily to spur the nation's depressed economy, congressional leaders hope to present President Ford with a final tax package this week—ten weeks after he presented his own proposals for a more modest \$16 billion tax rebate.

Political Credit. Unless there is an unforeseen last-minute hitch, rebate checks on 1974 taxes should begin flowing to taxpayers in May. The extra cash for most Americans is expected to give the economy a substantial boost. Republican President Ford will be able to take political credit for pushing the Congress into relatively prompt action and the Democratic leaders to claim that they delivered a more effective tax stimulus than the President had requested.

Much of the Senate's final maneuvering on the tax bill was chaotic, as var-

ious Senators sought to push their own particular ideas on who in U.S. society needs the most tax relief. The first big fight was over the 22% oil-depletion allowance, which permits the nation's oil companies to avoid some \$2.5 billion in tax obligations. The allowance has been an emotionally charged symbol of tax loopholes that has often blocked serious tax reform.

The Senate Finance Committee, chaired by Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, a veteran champion of the oil-depletion allowance, had produced a bill with no depletion repeal in it. Leading a successful floor fight to knock out the allowance for all but the smallest independent oil producers were Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings, a South Carolina Democrat with vice-presidential ambitions, and Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy. They were sharply opposed by Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen, an announced presidential candidate and friend of the oil producers. Certain that depletion was politically unsupportable in the face of soaring oil-company profits and that its repeal would eventually pass in some form, Long abandoned any prolonged fight to preserve this tax loophole. The Senate then cast preliminary votes to take away the protection from all but the "mom-and-pop companies" (those producing 2,000 bbl. per day or less).

With the depletion issue essentially settled, Senators rushed to amend the Finance Committee's bill. As the amendments piled up, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield moved adroitly to keep the Senate from snarling itself in endless debate over tangential items. He moved successfully to substitute his own package of tax cuts, which was relatively close to the original committee bill. That got the Senate moving again, and although there were other amendments, the bill that emerged included the following tax benefits:

- A one-shot rebate on 1974 taxes totaling \$10 billion. The rebates will range for most families from a minimum of \$120 to a maximum of \$240, decreasing as a taxpayer's income increases. The House-approved rebate is slightly smaller, ranging between \$100 and \$200 for a total cut of \$8.1 billion.

- A choice of accepting the current 75% tax exemption for each dependent or taking a new credit of \$200 per dependent on the final tax bill. The credit would mainly help taxpayers with incomes below about \$18,500. The House sought to attain similar results by increasing the low-income allowance.

- A flat \$100 payment to every person who receives a Social Security or railroad-retirement check. Some welfare recipients would also benefit. This is not in the House bill.

- A tax credit of up to \$600 a year

to cover the cost of baby sitters when this is necessary for a working parent to hold a job.

- A small across-the-board cut in the individual income tax rates of everyone on the first \$4,000 of taxable income for 1975 and 1976. This will amount to \$40 each year for most taxpayers. The House did not include a similar provision.

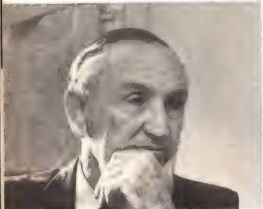
- A tax credit of 5% of the price of any newly constructed home purchased between March 13 and Dec. 31, 1975, up to a maximum credit of \$2,000. The House did not include this.

- An "earned-income credit" designed to compensate for Social Security tax costs of low-income families. It affects only families with a gross income under \$8,000.

- A \$7.5 billion tax cut for businesses, mainly by increasing the investment tax credit. The Senate approved a 12% credit over two years, the House a 10% credit for one year. Both chambers agreed to lower corporate tax rates, the Senate by taxing the first \$50,000 of income at 18% (instead of at the present 22% of the first \$25,000) and income above that at the current 48%. The House extended the 22% rate all the way to the first \$50,000 of income.

Tougher Task. Tax cuts are only one means to pump more money into the economy, and even as the Senate far exceeded the Administration's proposed tax-cutting incentives, other committees in Congress were proposing various spending measures that would serve the same purpose. But as the new House and Senate budget committees begin their first deliberations under the budget-reform law passed last year, they will grapple with some startling statistics. Charged with recommending limits on congressional appropriations, they could only guess at the combined budgetary impact of various proposed new programs and the tax cut. The best estimate of the House Budget Committee was that spending plans were running nearly \$30 billion above Ford's proposals. With the Senate urging a \$33 billion tax cut, the budget deficits for 1975 and 1976 were certain to exceed even the Administration's dire predictions.

The dismayed Budget Committee members discovered that unless the spending impulses of various committees are effectively curtailed, the 1976 budget deficit, estimated at \$55.5 billion by the President, would balloon to about \$93 billion. But the House Budget Committee is determined to keep that from happening. Tentatively, it decided last week to slash the Administration's \$94 billion proposed spending for national defense by a substantial \$4.8 billion. Its tougher task will come, however, when it turns to resisting the proposals of its colleagues in the Congress. If these new budget committees fail in their oversight task, warns one budget official, the spending totals will be "high enough to scare anyone in their right mind."



MAJORITY LEADER MIKE MANSFIELD





SON JOHN, JACKIE, DAUGHTER CAROLINE & SENATOR KENNEDY ON SKORPIOS FOR ARI'S FUNERAL

GREEK PHOTO AGENCY—KEYSTONE

PERSONALITY

What Now for Jackie Onassis?

In the Greek fishing hamlet of Nidri, the villagers waited in a light rain. Soon the mourners would arrive to ferry across to Aristotle Onassis' private Ionian island of Skorpios and witness the simple rites he had requested and bury him under a cypress tree near his only son Alexander. At last the motor cortege pulled up, and when the American woman in a black leather coat appeared, a murmur ran through the watchers. "A widow for the second time," whispered one old woman in a black shawl. A Mona Lisa smile crept briefly across Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' face, or perhaps it was simply an involuntary grimace at a world forever watching. Behind the dark sunglasses, her look was pure enigma.

The look might be read as a mirror of Jackie's future. Beautiful and youthful at 45, she has already survived two of the world's most vital men. She is among the few people anywhere whose every action, every intention are the object of immense fascination.

Byzantine Operations. The most immediate question is how Onassis' enormous wealth, perhaps as little as \$500 million, perhaps as great as \$1 billion, is to be allocated among his heirs. His vast holdings included a bank, more than 50 tankers, Olympic Airways, which the Greek government has agreed in principle to buy, and a half-share of Manhattan's not-yet-completed Olympic Tower, whose 51 stories of offices and superluxurious apartments dwarf St. Patrick's Cathedral next door.

By far the lion's share of these diverse interests will go to his surviving child, Daughter Christina Onassis, 24; a cadre of other relatives and associates will assist her in managing her father's byzantine business operations. After Al-

exander's death in a plane crash at age 24 two years ago, Onassis had been deeply concerned about who would mind his stores; he had urged Christina to marry Shipping Heir Peter Goulandris, 30, and reportedly the pair pledged at his deathbed to wed later this year.

Accounts of just how much money Jackie would get ranged wildly, from a high of \$200 million or more (if a traditional Greek law entitling widows to 25% of an estate is found to apply) to a low of \$2 million. The issue is complicated by the likelihood that the canny Onassis set up a maze of tax-resistant trusts. The best guess seems to be that Jackie will end up with about \$100 million, and her children, John and Caroline Kennedy, with \$15 million each. She is also expected to get the prime pickings of Ari's \$20 million art collection, part of which already adorns her 13-room apartment on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. While Onassis' lawyers unravel the knots of his empire and will, they are continuing to pay Jackie's \$600,000-a-year allowance. Whatever the outcome, Jackie will be better heeled in her own right than ever before: she received no more than \$80,000 from the estate of her erratic father. "Black Jack" Bouvier, and was left perhaps \$5 million by President Kennedy.

Onassis, say associates in Athens, promised Jackie both his villa on the French Riviera and a hacienda in Mexico. But Christina will surely take over the family's regal penthouse on Avenue Foch in Paris and the 500-acre Skorpios; the day after the funeral, she took command of the 325-ft. yacht that bears her name by informing the captain and crew that their jobs were all secure.

Relations between the two women are cordial but by no means warm

While Ari was hospitalized, Jackie stayed at the Paris penthouse, but Christina opted for a hotel. Onassis' three sisters were incensed that Jackie was in New York when her husband died; she had been assured by doctors, friends say, that his condition was stable and had gone home to catch a TV program that Caroline had worked on. At the funeral, Christina and Jackie took separate launches to Skorpios and walked apart to the chapel. Later, with Christina off to Switzerland, Jackie flew to Paris, no longer, it seemed, a member of the Onassis clan.

More Vulnerable. And what of the other clan, the Kennedys? Jackie's engagement to Onassis was at first greeted with conspicuous silence by the late President's family. Though John and Caroline are full members of the tribe of Kennedy cousins, the aunts and uncles, according to a family friend, "never know when they talk to Jackie whether it will be a week or a year before they hear from her again." Senator Edward Kennedy did make the trip to Skorpios to lend the widow some support, but it is unlikely that his gesture signals Jackie's return to the fold.

Neither Greece nor Hyannis Port will be Jackie's stomping grounds now. Said her sister Lee Radziwill in Manhattan last week: "I expect she'll come back here and carry on life as it was. After all, her children are settled here, she has her life here." Some friends think that she may pursue her interest in landmarks preservation: Critic Brendan Gill of *The New Yorker*, for which Jackie has already written one small article, feels that she has promise as a writer. Yet richer than before, eligible once again, she is sure to be hounded and watched and speculated upon anew. And also more vulnerable: for the first time in 15 years she will be without the personal protection that the U.S. Secret Service and later Onassis' bodyguards automatically provided.

VIET NAM/COVER STORY

THIEU'S RISKY RETREAT

"Pleiku fini. Kontum fini. Ban Me Thuot fini. Hué fini. Everything fini."

—Immigration official at Tan Son Nhut airport

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the endless war in South Viet Nam took a dramatic new turn last week. Abandoning a 20-year government policy of fighting for every inch of South Vietnamese territory, President Nguyen Van Thieu surrendered fully one-fourth of his country—seven provinces with an estimated population of more than 1.7 million people—to the attacking Communists. Dusty district roads and coastal highways were choked with countless thousands of frightened civilians clutching their possessions and fleeing their homes in the largest exodus since Viet Nam was divided in 1954. Meanwhile, reinforced North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces mobilized what appeared to be their most devastating offensive since the Easter attacks of 1972.

Thieu's decision to give up the apparently indefensible provinces caught almost everyone, including U.S. intelligence officials, by surprise. So too did the quickness and effectiveness of Communist military moves. Two weeks ago, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger was still insisting that there would be no major Communist offensive until 1976, when it would neatly coincide with the U.S. presidential elections. Perhaps because Ambassador Graham Martin was on home leave in North Carolina recovering from dental surgery—and

probably also to show independence of Washington out of pique for not getting more military aid—Thieu did not consult with U.S. officials in either Saigon or Washington in advance of his momentous and daring decision to abandon the provinces. But then again, many of his own military commanders got their first hints of it by reading the Vietnamese newspapers.

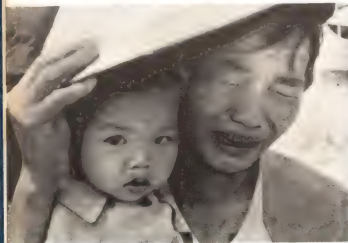
Kontum, Pleiku and Darlac provinces in the Central Highlands—a rolling area of rain forest and coffee and tea plantations on the border of Laos and Cambodia—were the first to go (see map). Later, Quang Tri province in northernmost Military Region I was given up. Although not officially abandoned by Saigon, Thua Thien, containing the ancient imperial capital of Hué, was by week's end clearly in imminent danger of falling into North Vietnamese hands. In the South, only 50 miles north of Saigon and next to already fallen Phuoc Long, Binh Long province was relinquished. In addition, several other provinces were seriously threatened by Communist forces; at week's end one of them, Quang Duc on the southern edge of the Central Highlands, fell.

Thieu's decision to give up the provinces was a gritty gamble that he could improve his country's defensive posture by what he clearly hoped would be a last retreat. Yet to many Americans who fought in Viet Nam, the surrender brought anguished remembrances (see box page 38).

The surrender of the provinces was

unutterable tragedy for the true victims of the war, the South Vietnamese people. Helped by retreating ARVN soldiers, upwards of half a million refugees trekked by military convoy, on motorcycle, buffalo cart, bicycle or foot toward areas still held by the government. Some 200,000 people fled Quang Tri and Hué for Danang (see box page 34). Hundreds of thousands from the Central Highlands streamed eastward toward the coast. In Military Region II, just south of fallen Darlac, the resort town of Dalat was rapidly being emptied, even though there seemed to be no imminent danger of Communist attack. Air Viet Nam was flying five flights a day to Saigon, up from the usual one, and tickets on the black market were going for as much as \$300 (normal price: \$9.50).

Most of the refugees and even a large majority of the withdrawing troops were not bothered by Communist forces. In Quang Tri province, Communist tanks even lit the way at night for both soldiers and civilians. The evacuation of some areas went so smoothly that there were rumors of a deal between the Communists and the Saigon government. Thieu, it was said, had given up the territory in exchange for the safety of the population—a story emphatically denied by Saigon. In any case, there were some reports of Communist efforts to harass the flow of refugees. One 1,200-truck convoy of defeated troops and fleeing civilians crawling southeast from Pleiku toward the coast was attacked



WOMAN HOLDING CHILD WEEPS AFTER FLEEING HOME



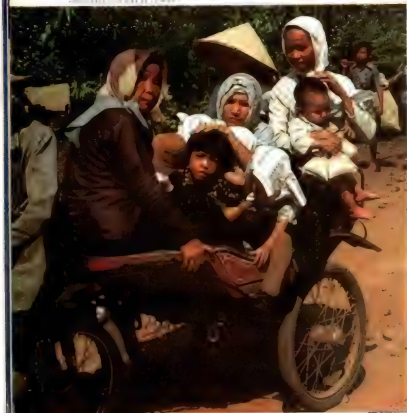
REFUGEES FROM HUÉ MOVING SOUTH TOWARD DANANG



Refugees from Tri Tam area escape Communist advance.



Some of the estimated 10,000 South Vietnamese villagers who fled from their homes in Binh Duong province northwest of Saigon



THE WORLD

dered 4,000 men of South Viet Nam's crack airborne division back to their original base headquarters near Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport. Thieu felt it necessary to beef up the defense of the capital, just in case the Communists decided to concentrate their forces on Saigon itself. The transfer of the troops sent a shock wave through the streets of Hue. Without a government order to do so, the mayor advised his people "to leave as quickly as possible."

Saigon's strategy was clear: to cut off the exposed limbs of the Central Highlands and the northernmost prov-

inces in order to save the body of South Viet Nam. From now on, as one Pentagon analyst put it, "a truncated map of South Viet Nam" will have to be drawn. It will include most of Military Regions III and IV—the eleven provinces around Saigon and the 15 provinces of the Mekong Delta region farther south—along with various pockets of control dotting the coast as far north as the expected new line of defense at Danang.

The new map roughly resembles one proposed by retired Army Lieut. General James Gavin, who in 1966 pro-

posed that American forces draw back to such easily defended enclaves along the South Vietnamese coast as Nha Trang, Cam Ranh, Qui Nhon and Danang itself. These populous cities have economic and military value; they also contain vital facilities such as harbors and airstrips that offer the best opportunity for successful defense. Although most American military experts rejected the enclave strategy when Gavin first proposed it, many of them are now giving Thieu high marks for his strategy of retreat.

Gavin himself, now chairman of Ar-

The Refugees: 'We Were Scared'

Countless thousands of the half million or more people who fled their homes in the abandoned provinces for government-held territory made their way to the coastal city of Danang. TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Peter Range flew there last week and filed this report

A beautiful, clear half moon eerily illuminated the long, solemn march south, down Route 1 between the South China Sea and the stark, lovely silhouettes of the Annamite chain to the west. Trucks piled high with baskets, furniture and clothes were packed with 50 and 60 people in the rear. An army deuce-and-a-half rolled by, claxon blaring, three dozen faces peering from the back and five more Vietnamese sitting

on the hood. Three old Citroëns, looking like something out of an old French police thriller, glided silently by with no fewer than 20 Vietnamese inside. For the ride from Hue to Danang, these families had paid \$45, up from the normal fare of \$9. A three-wheel Lambretta taxi designed for eight small people passed, carrying 16. A wheel fell off the axle, and everyone abandoned the taxi in the middle of the crowded highway.

Up near the Hai Van pass, which divides Quang Nam from Thua Thien province, the highway was a string of bobbing headlights, a coiled serpent of dainty dots winding down from the ridge into the plain. The cool night air was heavy with dust and fumes from many engines. A return convoy of empty trucks, Lambrettas and Citroëns going back to Hue for more refugees (and more business) was halted for an hour as the refugees descended through the pass. Drivers stretched out on straw mats on the asphalt, eating bowls of rice in the glare of their own headlights. Beside the road, some families who had walked the 45 kilometers from Phu Lap sat on straw mats around a single, thick red temple candle. A small kettle sat atop a tiny clump of burning sticks, boiling water for tea. But they had had no food all day and were still 25 kilometers away from sketchy and still unorganized relief efforts in Danang.

Luong Dung, 19, who lost a leg in combat several years ago, had made the entire march on crutches, but he grinned while he smoked a cigarette. "We left because everybody else did," he said. "We don't know why, but we were scared."

At least 100 people have been reported killed in the crush at the precipitous Hai Van pass. A student and a policeman got into an argument and the student went over the edge, reported a New Zealand relief worker who interviewed refugees. One truck carrying at least 30 people was squeezed off the road and toppled over the precipice, which drops 1,000 ft. in some places.

At one point last Thursday, a reverse convoy of trucks commandeered

by the army virtually halted all southbound traffic. Several hundred trucks were moving four abreast up the pass, blocking all southbound traffic. Dr. Richard Matern of the Save the Children Federation was trying to return to Hue to pick up his drug dispensary. "Traffic was backed up two miles, so I got on a Honda and went up to the top. There were no soldiers or police organizing things. A bunch of troops had left their trucks and were eating lunch. A couple of beautiful Vietnamese girls were singing and talking to them. Well, I figured we would never get to Hue, so I sort of started directing traffic. Things started moving and a couple of young MPs came and took over."

Down on the Danang waterfront, 50-ft. fishing launches berthed smack in front of the American consulate, disgorging refugees. Five hundred arrived in ten boats, and many of them began unloading television sets in their original crates, Hondas, four or five bicycles per family, an occasional room fan. They had paid \$14 per family for the 19-hour water-borne escape from Hue. The normally graceful quays along the river were a mass of humanity camped beneath the green tamarinds amid a bazaar of blankets, ponchos and suspended cheesecloth. "These are the rich ones," mumbled a relief worker when he saw two little girls wearing sweaters. By local standards, he was right.

Danang will get pressure from the north. "We're really worried about having enough rice for everybody," said Le Ba Dinh, who operates the Quang Tri Friendship Association in Danang and has taken in 350 refugees. "We're getting refugees out of the south too, from Quang Ngai and Quang Tin."

It was an unreal sight. Danang residents played netless badminton by the roadside, while the homeless streamed past, casting dancing shadows from the little trash fires that housewives light beside the road at night. "When they get here, they don't know what to do," said Ngo Van Chung, a relief worker surveying the confusion on the edge of town. "They don't know where to sleep or what to eat."

REFUGEE MOTORCADE AT HAI VAN PASS




Photographed at Fisher Lake, Nova Scotia.



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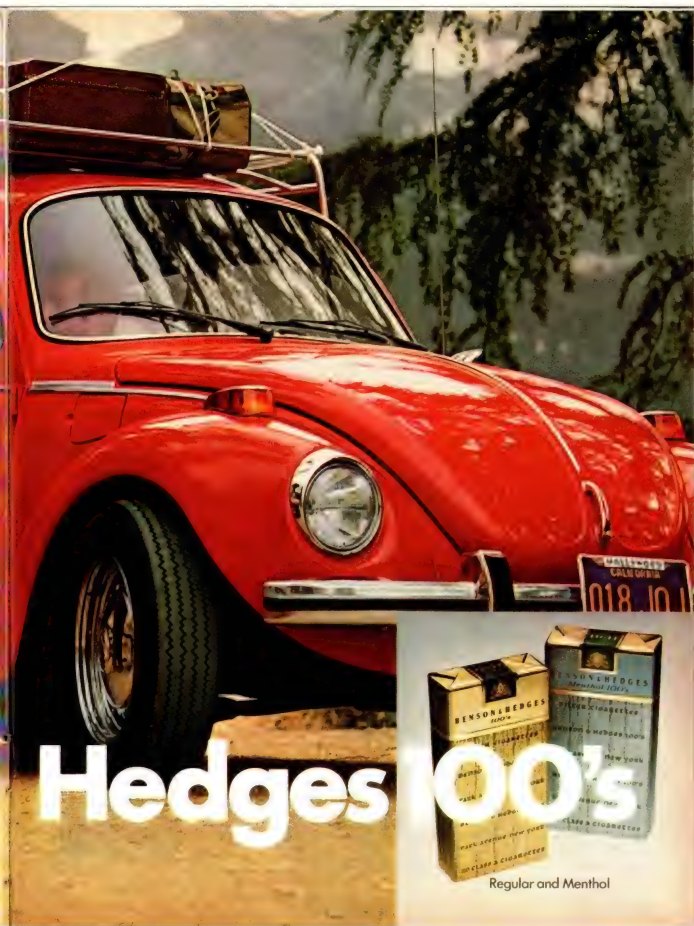
A black bear is sitting at a wooden picnic table outdoors. On the table is a wicker picnic basket with a blue and white striped cloth and a red thermos. The bear is leaning forward, talking to a woman who is sitting in the driver's seat of a red car. The woman is smiling and holding a cigarette. The background shows a cloudy sky and some foliage.

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thur D. Little Corp., a Cambridge think tank, argues that Thieu's plan of retreat actually bears little resemblance to his own original enclave theory, which was designed as a first tactical step toward extricating U.S. forces from Viet Nam. Gavin is pessimistic about the chances for success of the South Vietnamese strategy. "The difficulties of trying to keep control are so obviously beyond Thieu," he told TIME last week, "and the penetration of Saigon by the North is so great that what I get is a very

gloomy picture of Saigon's ability to save itself."

Still, the arguments for abandoning the provinces make some military sense. All the surrendered provinces were heavily infested with Communist forces. In the Central Highlands, only the provincial capitals remained firmly in government hands; the surrounding areas had long since fallen into Communist hands. Thus the retreat should allow Saigon to mass its units better in concentrated areas. As it was, ARVN forces

were strung out across the country, firing away at dubious targets from thin lines—with few reinforcements available to mount consistent offensives.

Moreover, the sparsely settled Highland provinces are the homeland of an estimated 500,000 Montagnard tribesmen, who, as despised fourth-class citizens in South Viet Nam, were ripe for exploitation by the Communists. During the years of American involvement in the fighting, the Montagnards were carefully cultivated by the U.S. Green

Thieu: Between Himself and His God

All week long, Saigon was buzzing with rumors about President Nguyen Van Thieu. One air force officer, after swearing his family to secrecy, told them that the President was under house arrest. Some said that the President was preparing to flee the country. Others heard that he was ready to resign.

A Saigon editor, once sympathetic to Thieu, had a plausible explanation for all the unfounded stories circulating about the elusive and enigmatic South Vietnamese President. "As the West has left Thieu," the editor said, "Thieu has increasingly abandoned the West to withdraw into a historical autocracy. He sees fewer and fewer people, trusts fewer advisers, believes fewer friends. He has come to rule as if government is more a personal affair between himself and his God than between himself and his people."

The current crisis has hit South Viet Nam during the President's tenth year in power. The son of a small landowner, Thieu, now 52, became a career soldier who fought for the French against the Communists in 1947-54 and played an important role in the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. Born a Buddhist, he converted to Roman Catholicism at the time of his marriage to Mai Anh, a doctor's daughter, in 1951. Because he was regarded as a moderate who could ease the differences between militant Catholic and Buddhist factions, Thieu in June 1965 was chosen by his fellow officers to head South Viet Nam's tenth government within 19 months. But he won a reputation as a tough military man who could unite his countrymen in the war against the Communists. In 1967 he was elected President after South Viet Nam's first Western-style political campaign; and four years later, amid charges of harassment of other parties, he was re-elected unopposed.

The intervening years have served to create a perhaps inevitable barrier between Thieu and the people he leads. These days, he rarely uses the Presidential Palace on Cong Ly Boulevard, which is barricaded from the rest of Saigon by sentry boxes, steel barriers and tangles

of barbed wire. He moves behind a curtain of almost total secrecy, constantly switching locations between a series of private addresses within and outside the city. Since the attack on Ban Me Thuot on March 10, he has not appeared in public or even been photographed.

Last week Thieu finally broke his long public silence, but he did so in a characteristically detached way. Just be-



PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU

fore he was due to make a national television speech of encouragement to his people, he spoke to General Ngo Quang Truong, ARVN commander in the northernmost Military Region I. Perhaps realizing the seriousness of the military situation for the first time, Thieu first canceled the speech but then gave it a day later.

In the address he urged his countrymen to maintain their "unflinching anti-Communist determination." But he avoided any direct mention of his decision to abandon large portions of his country—or of the hundreds of thousands of newly created refugees who were already choking the nation's road-

ways. In previous times, Thieu has sometimes been criticized for postponing decisions. Last week's decision—surely one of the most agonizing of his career—was based on the new realities in both Saigon and Washington, and was made with surprising speed.

Despite the current troubles in South Viet Nam, Thieu's leadership does not appear to be in immediate jeopardy. His power base remains firmly rooted in the army, which, according to one Western diplomat, Thieu has successfully "neutralized" through his shrewd handling of promotions and assignments. Thieu is no longer obliged to listen to the views of the U.S. embassy as he once was. "The Americans have less control these days," says a senior diplomat in Saigon. "They are pretty much out of the business of advising." Nonetheless, many South Vietnamese assume that Thieu is still the Americans' favorite and that whatever U.S. aid the country receives in the future would be contingent upon his remaining in power.

Still another reason for Thieu's durability in office is that he has no political opponents who are taken seriously as individuals—although the opposition movement has many followers (TIME, Feb. 17). "They are a lot of little men squabbling," says one European observer in Saigon. "A so-called 'third force' in politics simply doesn't exist." This is partly true because of Thieu's knack of alternately ignoring and circumventing the National Assembly set up 7½ years ago. He has managed to stalemate the Assembly for months over two important bills—one that would guarantee press freedom, another that would recognize political parties besides Thieu's own. In the meantime, five of Saigon's 14 newspapers remain banned and all 24 opposition parties are illegal, as they have been for the past three years.

As both soldier and politician, Nguyen Van Thieu has fought the Communist menace from the North, and it remains his abiding passion today. "We must be as patient as the Communists are," he mused last January. "My son, my grandson, my great-grandson must be patient." As for himself, Thieu added: "I will never desert. I may be overthrown, but I will never desert."

THE WORLD

Berets and played a key role in securing the area for Saigon. After the American withdrawal, however, ARVN troops, displaying the traditional Vietnamese contempt for the tribesmen, lost Montagnard support.

Large parts of Quang Tri and Thua Thien also had long since been outside Saigon's control. In addition, the narrow strip of territory between the mountains and the sea that was controlled by Saigon was difficult and costly to defend. Five divisions (50,000 men) were wastefully deployed to protect an area at the farthest end of the supply line; it was a region, moreover, that produced almost nothing but dried fish and required the importation of almost everything, including rice. "Why should Thieu keep territory if he can't defend it?" asked a

Pentagon Indochina expert. "It will do him absolutely no good to keep the entire country in order to lose it."

Saigon's new defense strategy is plausible on paper, but it remains to be seen whether or not it will work where it counts—on the battlefield. Most analysts expect that Saigon will set up a northern defense line at Danang, while drawing as many units as possible south for the defense of Saigon and the rich southern provinces. There were ominous signs that the Communists would try to prevent that from happening. As ARVN soldiers and South Vietnamese civilians trekked south from Quang Tri on Route 1, Communist units, according to some reports, were following just a few hundred yards behind. Aerial photographs showed that the North Viet-

namese have assembled an awesome number of Russian-made tanks in Quang Tri. It was "just like crickets swarming over a field," said one observer. "It's unbelievable."

Several formidable options were open to the Communists elsewhere in the country. For one, the four North Vietnamese divisions entrenched in the Central Highlands could move eastward toward the coastal provinces south of Danang. Another was a major attack closer to Saigon, probably in Tay Ninh province. Ever since the Communists seized Phuoc Long province two months ago, they have been putting pressure on Tay Ninh City, shelling it from the nearby Nui Ba Den (Black Virgin Mountain)

The Reaction of the Veteran

For hundreds of thousands of American veterans, the news from Viet Nam last week had an intensely personal meaning. Many of the 56,000 Americans who died in the war were killed in the Highlands and the northern provinces that the Saigon government has surrendered to the Communists. To find out how veterans feel about the pullout, TIME correspondents across the nation last week questioned men who are now civilians as well as a number still in uniform. Inevitably, opinions were split about a war that has divided Americans almost from its beginning. A sampling of views.

At American Legion Post 19 in a blue-collar section of Somerville, Mass., the withdrawal has been the topic of worried conversation. "If the war keeps up, they may want to send more kids," said Joseph Bolduc Jr., who served in Viet Nam with the Navy and is now the legion post's steward. "We don't want to see any more kids go back over there." The best policy for the U.S., said Bolduc, is to "just do something to get it all over with. People have been hurt enough by that war."

Former Marine Sergeant Leonard Budd, who now works for the department of public health in Rowley, Mass., spent 5½ years in North Vietnamese prisoner-of-war camps after the truck he was driving near the DMZ was ambushed. Budd feels that aid to Viet Nam should be cut off. "We were right to supply them as long as the supply was needed and they had the initiative to follow through and use it wisely," he said. "But the way they have been wasting it, with their morale as low as it is, and deserting at the rate they do, there would be no end to it."

"I imagine they have their own good reasons, but I feel betrayed by the South

Vietnamese government," said Staff Sergeant Vale D. Short, 25, who is stationed at Fort Jackson, S.C. Short was a crew chief and a gunner on an assault helicopter flying out of Pleiku. "I wish we could go back over and do it right this time. I don't mean under the old rules, but in a real war."

Richard C. Williams, 32, an assistant dean at Princeton University, is a West Point graduate and a retired Army colonel. He saw action in both Pleiku and Kontum provinces. Williams regards last week's developments as "the logical, albeit tragic conclusion to the whole mess. My bitterness started halfway through my tour there. This week doesn't generate any new feeling. I'd long since given up the thought that I'd ever done anything over there that had real significance. One of the best people I ever knew died in Viet Nam. He had so much to offer the world. I can't imagine the feelings of parents who had sons who died in Kontum as they watch the region fall tonight."

"I get the overwhelming feeling of waste, waste, waste of everything," said William Hallisley, 25, a former medical corpsman in Viet Nam and now pres-

FORMER MEDICAL CORPSMAN HALLISLEY



ident-elect of the student government at Georgia State University

"I served. I did my job. Now I don't care," said a former Marine now working for the Veterans Administration in New York City. His five closest friends were killed, fighting for the Highland provinces that were surrendered last week.

Tommy Clack, 28, a senior at Georgia State University, remains an ardent hawk even though, while serving in Viet Nam as an Army captain, he lost both legs above the knee, his right arm and part of his right shoulder. He is angered by what he calls the "isolationism" of Congress and feels that the pullout would not have happened if the South Vietnamese had received more aid. "I



CLACK WITH MISS ATLANTA

and trying to cut Route 22, which connects with Route 1 to Saigon. The Communists have recently moved their 3rd and 9th divisions into position around the area, preparing for what many analysts think will be the next major battle of the war. A final possibility was a concerted assault on Saigon itself. The Communists last week overran Duc Hué, a key base camp 30 miles south of the city and ambushed a truck convoy a bare 15 miles away. Some analysts feared that continued Communist success in the area could lead later this spring to an all-out offensive to take the city.

Despite these grim possibilities, there were those last week who held to an optimistic interpretation of Thieu's great retreat. Many analysts, especially

in the Pentagon, felt that Saigon had realistically given up provinces it was bound to lose anyway, shortened its supply lines, consolidated its forces and prepared a more defensible perimeter. Beyond that, it could be argued that the Communists would have to divert considerable effort and energy to consolidate their hold on the surrendered provinces.

The pessimistic view was that Thieu, by giving up so much territory without a fight, has created a serious morale problem for his army and his people. He has abandoned thousands of South Vietnamese to the Communists and created a horrendous refugee problem that dwarfs anything yet seen in the war.

"The best Thieu can hope for," concluded one State Department official,

me to face it." Supposing he could go back to fight in Viet Nam? "If I could go back now," he answered, "I'd fight with the North Vietnamese. They are the ones who are doing the right thing now."

"You'd have to say that I was cynical," said Marine Captain John Ely, 35, who spent nine months at Fire Base Fuller in Quang Tri province. "They've had all the opportunities we can afford to give them. I don't care if they make it or not."

Larry W. Brauer, 31, an Army E5, is a career noncom stationed at Fort Jackson, S.C. He served a year in Viet Nam. "What about the guys who died in the provinces? What did all those people die for? I'd like for Congress to tell me," he said. "We allowed the draft dodgers and deserters to return. We told them that we were the ones that were wrong. Who's to tell the mothers and wives of those who didn't come back that it was all a mistake—that we were wrong, that their sons and husbands were wrong? I'm no dictator. I don't want the Vietnamese to live like I do. But I don't want them to live as Communists unless that's the thing they want to do. They shouldn't have to do what Congress says they have to do. I guess that means I still care."

"A friend of mine got blown apart in Hué," said an Army major last week, sipping coffee in a Pentagon cafeteria. "He was in charge of a long-range artillery unit. And now you see the people just walking away from Hué. You don't say to yourself, 'He died for nothing.' But you ask: 'For what?' What have we got after nine years? Twenty-twenty hindsight is always preferable, but we probably did the best we could at the time. But still you ask yourself: 'Was it worth it?' There is just a feeling of resignation. I suppose, that they can't even save themselves."

"is a stalemate." Would more U.S. aid have helped? Ford Administration officials last week emphatically answered yes, and tried to blame Saigon's reverses on congressional failure to appropriate the extra \$300 million requested by the President. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger argued that if the U.S. had been "less niggardly" toward South Viet Nam, Thieu would not have to give up the provinces. To support that point, White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen displayed an article from the Hanoi journal *Hoc Tap* that seemed to tie the current Communist offensive to a decline in the capability of Saigon's forces.

It is only logical to conclude that a reduction in U.S. aid to the South would encourage Hanoi in its war against Saigon. Still it is hard to argue convincingly that \$300 million more would have made the crucial difference. Even in the days when the U.S. was spending \$2 billion a month in South Viet Nam, the Communists were capable of mounting costly countryside offensives. With at least 16 full divisions, totaling 325,000 men, installed in the South, the North Vietnamese could hardly be stopped with a comparatively small amount of aid.

Besides, a lack of matériel is only part of Saigon's military problem. Even in the days when it had virtually unlimited ordnance, transport and firepower, ARVN was never as effective on the battlefield as were the Communist armies. Even today, though it no longer enjoys an overwhelming superiority in firepower, ARVN still outnumbered the Communists by some 3 to 1. Incompetent leadership, corruption, profiteering by officers and low pay for enlisted men often sapped the strength of Saigon's forces. True, because of the American involvement, Saigon has a far better fighting force than it had earlier in the war. But as the current desertion rate of 24,000 men a month indicates, ARVN still lacks the discipline and determination of its enemy.

More U.S. aid cannot stop the fighting. Only a negotiated settlement between Saigon and the Communists—or the currently implausible scenario of an unconditional surrender by one side or the other—can do that. Hanoi still years for a political victory in the South—meaning, in the words of one State Department official, "the imposition of a coalition government which the North Vietnamese would dominate."

But since the Communists refuse to deal with Thieu, no political arrangement seems possible so long as he remains in power. Conversely, Thieu has made it clear that he will not tolerate a political role for the Communists. Thus the political standoff seems unresolvable. What is left is the war, and in that the Communists as of last week seemed to have the upper hand.



FORMER ARMY CAPTAIN MILES

believe very strongly in what was happening in Viet Nam," he said. "If I could grow my limbs back, I would go back again. If I didn't go to Viet Nam, I would go to Israel. I just do not like to see oppressed people have things jammed down their throats."

Another former Army captain, Edward Miles, 30, also lost both legs in fighting near Tay Ninh in 1968, as well as one eye and partial use of his right arm. He does not share Clack's views. "It really is going down the drain," he said. "This week we can really see what a farce that whole thing was. It bothers



WOMAN & CHILDREN TAKING SHELTER DURING AN ATTACK ON PHNOM-PENH

CAMBODIA

Another Week of Survival

On March 18 five years ago, President Lon Nol led the coup in Phnom-Penh that forced neutralist Prince Norodom Sihanouk into exile. Last week rockets fired by the Khmer Rouge insurgents kept raining down on the besieged capital, more embassies closed, students demonstrated and a unit of loyalist troops went on strike, but somehow the government survived for another week despite a growing awareness that the U.S. Congress was not about to authorize any more military aid. Meanwhile, there were speculations that Lon Nol may be quitting as President within the next two weeks.

If Lon Nol does step down, he would most probably be replaced by Sauk-ham Soy, a retired lieutenant general who is now president of the Senate. The key question would then be whether or not the Khmer Rouge would be willing to try to negotiate a settlement with Sauk-ham Soy, something they were unwilling to do with Lon Nol.

Airport Attacks. Weary government troops continued to fight for survival against the relentless Khmer Rouge (see following story). The Cambodians struggled to retake the village of Tuol Leap, six miles to the northwest of Phnom-Penh, which the enemy had been using as a site for launching rockets against Pochentong Airport. As the fighting swayed back and forth, Khmer Rouge attacks on the airport lessened, and as many as 49 cargo planes flew in daily from Thailand and Saigon with tons of food, oil, medicines and arms.

U.S. officials reported that they had

scraped together \$20 million to keep the airlift going for another month regardless of whether Congress approves more aid. The flights also concerned Thailand's new coalition government, which said that it was considering a ban on arms shipments from the country. The announcement was an apparent attempt by the government to win the support of strong leftist groups.

The heaviest fighting of the week took place in Neak Luong, 32 miles southeast of the capital on the Mekong River. Pushing forward inexorably, the insurgents lowered the tubes of their artillery pieces and sent shell after shell screaming through the city on flat trajectories. Hundreds of civilians were killed or wounded every day, and many bodies were left to decompose in the streets. The attacks destroyed a naval ammunition dump, a fuel depot and a floating naval base. Helicopters to Phnom-Penh were the only means of escape; they were reserved for wounded soldiers and wealthy Cambodians who could afford the price of a ticket—\$75 to \$100.

As the Khmer Rouge kept up their determined attacks, Israel, Poland and Singapore joined Australia and Britain in closing their embassies in Phnom-Penh. The French downgraded their embassy to a consulate and began to evacuate their staff and any French citizens who wanted to leave. Last Monday morning, reported TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan, a large group of French and Metis (French Cambodians) gathered in front of the old embassy and stared at the bright travel posters pic-

turing the Eiffel Tower, Mont Blanc and the stained glass windows of the Chartres Cathedral. Many of the evacuees had never been to France, nor did they have relatives or friends there. As the buses pulled away, heading for the airport, the nurses and chauffeurs got back into their cars and drove home to wait for the day, they said hopefully, when their masters and mistresses would return from Paris.

At the U.S. embassy, the rocket-alarm siren wailed every day. Ambassador John Gunther Dean waited out the attacks in the lobby, behind heavy cement walls and two-inch-thick bullet-proof windows. During two days last week, five people were killed and 22 were wounded by rockets that landed in the embassy block. Dean did his best to keep up everyone's spirits, even offering a buffet supper to newsmen and showing a movie (Peter Sellers in *The Optimists*), as though the war were a thousand miles away. But even the ambassador's humor turned grim at times. "Who was the guy who wrote the book on death row?" he asked, fumbling for the name of Rapist Caryl Chessman, who was executed in California in 1960.

Last week the helicopter carrier *Okinawa* was still patrolling the Gulf of Siam, and Washington had worked out plans to evacuate the 400 U.S. citizens still in Phnom-Penh; a short-wave radio network had been set up to reach Americans in an emergency. Presumably the rescue efforts would also involve some top Cambodian leaders who are believed to be on the Khmer Rouge wanted list. Meanwhile, there was a growing fear that even pro-government Cambodians might turn on the American community in a reaction born of frustration and defeat. There were anti-U.S. editorials in Phnom-Penh newspapers last week, and university students held demonstrations to protest the fact that the U.S. had given the aid that kept Lon Nol in power. At a rally, one spokesman said that the students would back "any government—Communist or not—as long as it brings peace."

Low Morale. In the end, Phnom-Penh's survival may depend as much on the government soldiers' morale as upon their matériel, and their morale is not always high. About 300 members of the 7th Brigade, who had recovered from wounds, refused for a while to go back to duty because they had not been paid since January.

One small incident last week reflected the confusing, shifting fight for Phnom-Penh, in which the battle lines often seem to blur together. A wedge of 100 Khmer Rouge soldiers drove to the east bank of the Mekong, captured a government 105-mm. howitzer and turned it on the city for a few hours. The government retaliated with repeated bombing raids. In the end, those who suffered most were the civilians caught in the crossfire. They finally had to abandon their burning villages.



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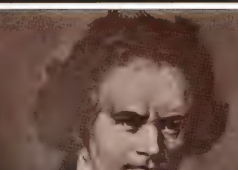
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The Red Baron



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Khmer Rouge: The Enigmatic Ghosts

A Western diplomat in Phnom-Penh recently described the Khmer Rouge as "the most mysterious of the world's successful revolutionary movements." Few if any Westerners know which of the principal elements in the insurgent force—Cambodian nationalist, Cambodian Marxist or doctrinaire Communist—will emerge triumphant. Moreover, their leaders are enigmatic figures whose views and personalities, for the most part, are far less understood than those of their political counterparts in Hanoi, Moscow or Peking.

A notable exception is exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the titular head of the Khmer insurgents and unquestionably the most popular man in Cambodia to this day. He is "chief of state" of the Royal Government of National Union of Cambodia—acronymically known in French as GRUNK—the shadow government nominally based in Peking. Most observers agree that Sihanouk has little power within the Khmer Rouge organization. If he should ever return to Cambodia as head of state, it would be as a figurehead who might serve to unite the Cambodian people around a Khmer Rouge government. Sihanouk himself has acknowledged this fact and repeatedly declared that in the event of a Khmer Rouge victory, he might spend eleven months of the year abroad, serving as a traveling good-will ambassador on behalf of the new government.

Undone by Popularity. Sihanouk's "Deputy Premier" and commander-in-chief of the Khmer Rouge fighting forces is Khieu Samphan, 43; he is the most prominent figure in the movement. Born in Cambodia's Svay Rieng province, Samphan studied from 1954-59 in France, where he earned a doctorate in economics at the University of Paris. In 1962, after Sihanouk brought him into the government as Secretary of State for Commerce, Samphan became a hero to young Cambodian intellectuals who opposed the corruption of the existing government. He drove to work on a motorbike and after long hours at the office would go home to work at night in a small upstairs room at his mother's house, while other ministers wallowed in the pleasures of life in the easygoing capital.

In a sense, Samphan's popularity was his undoing. Sihanouk forced him to resign in 1963, charging him with incompetence. Three years later, though, Samphan was elected to the National Assembly. One April evening in 1967, during a peasant uprising in Battambang province that had set off an anti-leftist witch hunt in the capital, Khieu Samphan simply vanished. According to his family, he told his mother that he was going out for a breath of fresh air before dinner and never came back.

Two other Khmer Rouge leaders have backgrounds similar to Samphan's:

Information Minister Hu Nim, 42, and Minister of the Interior Hou Youn, 45. Both studied in Paris in the 1950s, served in Sihanouk's Cabinet briefly in the 1960s, fell out with the Prince and escaped into exile. Together, the three came to be known as the "three ghosts" of Cambodian politics because it was long believed that Sihanouk had ordered them executed in 1967 for alleged complicity in the Battambang uprising. But in May 1970, two months after Sihanouk's overthrow, the three announced, from somewhere in Cambodia, their support of Sihanouk's new "national front," which opposed the new government of President Lon Nol.

After the three ghosts—Cambodian nationalists who had been variously influenced by Marxism—disappeared in 1967, they joined forces with a revolu-

tionary movement that had been organized by a small group of doctrinaire Marxists who had fallen out with Sihanouk several years earlier. Among them were three revolutionaries who had also studied in Paris but were unknown to most of their countrymen:

► Ieng Sary, 44, now the special adviser to Samphan, is also secretary-general of the Khmer Communist Party. Sary often visits Peking, and on earlier trips kept a careful eye on Sihanouk and his followers there; in 1973 he accompanied the Prince on a visit to Khmer Rouge-controlled regions of Cambodia. Some Cambodians regard him as a hard-line Communist who has helped make the movement intractable and uncompromising.

► Saloth Sar, 47, is chairman of the Khmer Communist Party and thus one of its most powerful men. Little is known about him beyond the fact that he was born in Kompong Thom province, studied at an industrial school in Phnom-Penh and took a radio technician's course in France.

► Son Sen, 44, a onetime teacher, is

the Khmer Rouge chief of staff. Until last year he was believed to be the third-ranking man in the Khmer Communist Party. Since a party reorganization, however, he seems to have been moved down a notch in the party hierarchy to make way for Khieu Samphan.

Curbed Influence. In the past three years, leftists within the Khmer Rouge have drastically curbed Sihanouk's influence. Since the last Cabinet reshuffle only two portfolios in the shadow government have been retained by men known to be loyal to the Prince. Ieng Sary recently made a two-week visit to Peking, during which he saw Premier Chou En-lai and held talks about continued arms aid. Sary is not known to have conferred at all with Sihanouk, his nominal chief of state.

At the same time, the Khmer Rouge have reduced North Viet Nam's influence. Back in 1970, the insurgents' fighting force of 3,000-5,000 men was large-



SAMPHAN, VICE MINISTER OF ECONOMY KOY THOUN, THE PRINCE & HU NIM

From leader to good-will ambassador?

ly dominated by several thousand Cambodians who had been training in Hanoi since 1954. Until 1972 the insurgents were still under direct North Vietnamese command. During the Easter offensive that year, Hanoi transferred most of its Cambodia-based troops to South Viet Nam, and the Khmer Rouge established their own general staff. Since 1974, when the insurgents expanded their army to as many as 70,000 men, with women and teen-agers conscripted as porters and stretcher bearers, North Vietnamese troops have not been engaged in Cambodian combat.

What kind of government would the Khmer Rouge impose on Cambodia? French diplomats believe that the movement's nationalist and pro-Peking elements will endure. State Department experts feel strongly that Hanoi's influence will prevail. The most optimistic Western observers believe the Khmer nationalism, reinforced by the traditional rivalry that exists between Cambodians and Vietnamese, will create a sort of Yugoslav brand of Communism that is distinctively Cambodian.

► Son Sen, 44, a onetime teacher, is

MIDDLE EAST

The Kissinger Shuttle: In the End, a Mission Impossible

"Unfortunately, the differences on a number of key issues have proven irreconcilable. We, therefore, believe a period of reassessment is needed so that all concerned can consider how best to proceed toward a just and lasting peace." With that admission of failure, read to newsmen in Jerusalem by State Department Spokesman Robert Anderson, Henry Kissinger's latest venture in shuttle diplomacy came to an abrupt and unhappy end. After 17 days of almost continuous commuting between Israel and Egypt, the Secretary suspended his efforts to get a second-stage disengagement and returned to Washington to report to President Ford and Congress. The official statement said that Kissinger would "remain in close touch with the Co-chairman of the Geneva Conference," referring to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

In Aswan Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy told newsmen that "because of the intransigent position of the Israelis it was not possible for [the Secretary] to succeed. Consequently, the Israeli government bears the sole responsibility for this failure." Answered an Israeli government spokesman, "Egypt refused all offers, and that ended the talks."

Intense Meetings. Neither side faulted Kissinger for not having done his best to break the deadlock. Nonetheless, the Secretary failed to make the "conceptual breakthrough" essential to an agreement. Israel wanted more in the way of a nonbelligerency pledge from Egypt, in return for sizable pullbacks in the Sinai, than Sadat was willing to concede. No matter how he pressed the opportunities, Kissinger failed to budge either side. The Secretary's mission ended in Jerusalem, where he had a series of intense meetings with Premier Yitzhak Rabin, who felt the issue so urgent that he summoned his cabinet to a rare Sabbath session. In the end, the Israelis decided that they could not make any further concessions.

In the Secretary's mind, at least, one complicating factor in the latest round of shuttle diplomacy was declining



ISRAELI PREMIER YITZHAK RABIN & HENRY KISSINGER IN JERUSALEM

Despite a stress on dire alternatives, there was no conceptual breakthrough.

American prestige, caused by the troubles facing the present Saigon and Phnom-Penh governments. The Secretary told newsmen traveling with him aboard the shuttle that both Arabs and Israelis had brought up the unavoidable question of the long-range credibility of U.S. commitments. Indeed, one Israeli diplomat last week confirmed the fact that "the cloud of Viet Nam increases our intransigence." The Syrian Baath party newspaper *Al Baath*, with Israel obviously in mind, crowed that "the U.S. is not a reliable friend." But most diplomatic experts doubted that the problems of Indochina had any real impact on Kissinger's peace-keeping mission.

At most, it was only a secondary complication. The main difficulty for Kissinger on his latest shuttle was that Egypt and Israel, despite their oft-expressed interest in making joint progress toward peace, had such widely varying diplomatic goals in the negotiations.

Sadat cannot sign a declaration of nonbelligerency until there is a final peace settlement involving Syria and the Palestinians as well as Egypt. Israel, for its part, demanded some specifics on nonbelligerent intentions from Egypt before withdrawing further in the Sinai. The Egyptians wanted a military document that would extend the disengage-

ment agreement it signed with Israel in January 1974; the Israelis insisted that any new deal involve political agreements, in order to make an expensive and risky military pullback worthwhile.

No Bun. From Sadat's viewpoint, the big problem was Israel's insistence upon particular agreements concerning nonbelligerency, which, curiously, reminded one Western-schooled Egyptian diplomat of a cheeseburger. "Supposing," he told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn in a kind of Big Mac analysis, "that you ask me for a cheeseburger and I flatly refuse to give it to you. You then say, 'O.K., don't give me the cheeseburger. But at least give me the bun. And perhaps the mustard and the cheese and the onion—and don't forget the meat.' That is how Israel is now trying to get what in effect would be nonbelligerency."

The Israelis felt that Egypt was unwilling to give them the bun, much less anything in the way of condiments to go with it. Last week they made a number of concrete proposals to Kissinger to offer Sadat. Some were sincere, some were obviously unacceptable propaganda plays, but all were rejected. Items

► Israel proposed that any second-stage agreement remain in force for at least eight years. Egypt placed no time frame on an agreement but insisted upon a one-year limit for a U.N. peace-keeping forces mandate in the Sinai.

► Israel suggested an open-bridges policy in the Sinai similar to the one that allows traffic to pass between Jordan and the occupied West Bank. Egypt said no.

► Israel proposed a joint operation of the Abu Rudeis oilfields in the Sinai as a symbolic gesture that the two nations might cooperate on future peace projects. Once again, Egypt said no.

► Israel asked for an end to the economic boycott that Egypt, along with other Arab nations, has imposed since 1948. Egypt's reply was that it might

THE SECRETARY IN ASWAN WITH EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT SADAT AT THE OTHER END OF THE SHUTTLE



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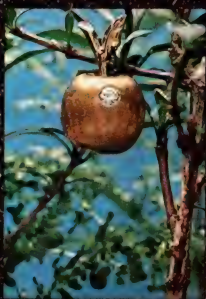


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ease the boycott on U.S. firms, among them Ford and Coca-Cola. "That's some swap," grumbled one Israeli diplomat. "Israel self-destructs to save Coca-Cola."

Nonetheless, there were a few small shifts in positions during the week that gave Kissinger reason to carry on the talks for as long as he could. Sadat told Kissinger that he was prepared to assent to a "declaration of non-warlike intentions" in which both sides would agree not to use force to "settle the Middle East crisis." The Israelis felt that the formulation was too vague for comfort.

Israel indicated willingness to pull back in the key Mitla and Gidi passes of the Sinai—not to the eastern rim as Egypt wants, but at least far enough back to put the Suez Canal out of range

of Israeli artillery. In return, Jerusalem wanted the Egyptians to reduce the size of their armed forces, which would have allowed the Israeli government to cut military enlistments by six months and thus demonstrate signs of peaceful progress to civilians at home.

The failure of the shuttle obviously increased the chances of another Arab-Israeli armed conflict. At week's end, the atmosphere on both sides was tense. The logical next step, if peace is to be preserved, would be another session of the Geneva Conference—even though it could easily turn into a propaganda-laden shouting match, with the Russians egging on the most radical Arab participants. Nonetheless, it appeared that a return to Geneva was almost the only alternative to a shooting war.

EUROPE

Threat From the Southern Tier

Southern Europe has long been an area of extremes—in poverty, in religion and in politics—as well as an occasional source of anxiety to its more affluent neighbors in the north. That anxiety has been notably increased by exceptional changes that have shaken countries of the south in recent months. There is a notable fear that these nations, in some cases after decades of right-wing rule, will veer sharply to the left, perhaps to the point of embracing Communism, or at least Communist-dominated governments (see following stories).

In Portugal, the Communist Party of Alvaro Cunhal, backed by leftist-minded officers of the ruling junta, has emerged as the most zealous and disciplined political group in the country

since the April 1974 revolution. Some observers fear that something comparable may eventually happen in neighboring Spain, where the reactionary government of aging Dictator Francisco Franco totters from crisis to crisis.

In Italy, where the Communists have been the nation's second largest political organization (though always remaining in opposition), party leaders are thinking seriously of seeking a share of power through the ballot box. In Greece, the Communists gained only 9% of the vote in last November's elections, but they too are disciplined and may do better next time.

The move to the left is bound to have an impact on other European nations. As former French Premier Pierre

Mendes-France, an elder statesman of the moderate left, noted last week: "In a good or a bad sense, what happens in Portugal will set a precedent in Spain, in Italy, in Greece, and will not be without deep echoes in France." The *Stuttgarter Zeitung* wondered aloud last week: "Are we in the West already encircled by the Communists?" Yet in the northern tier of Europe, Communists are blocked by strong democratic parties at the center as well as by sophisticated voters. Indeed, if there is a threat at all in countries like West Germany, it comes from the right, where young people turned off by the radical movements of the early '70s are increasingly active in conservative university groups.

Ironically, some Communists are also worried about the leftist turn in the southern tier. Ever since the Allende debacle in Chile two years ago, party leaders have been vividly conscious of the danger that lies in too sudden a leftward lurch of democratic nations. Fortunately for the West, Moscow also seems to realize that too much Communism too soon in the southern tier would be a decidedly mixed blessing. Yet goals remain the same. Although it has not in any way abandoned its aim of helping foster a steady erosion of the NATO alliance, the Soviet Union has clearly warned comrades in the southern tier to make haste slowly.

Portugal: Squeezing Out the Moderates

With brisk dispatch, Portugal's leftist-dominated Revolutionary Council moved last week to consolidate its powers. In the aftermath of the previous week's right-wing coup attempt, the all-military 24-member council appeared on television for the first time before being sworn in at ceremonies in the president's office at Belem Palace.

Even before the swearing-in, the council had decreed the nationalization of Portugal's banks and insurance companies, which control more than half of the country's industries. Last week Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, who together with President Francisco da Costa Gomes remains at the head of the provisional coalition government, asked for the resignations of his 15-member Cabinet, banned three political parties that were accused of inciting violence and postponed elections for a constituent assembly until April 25.

Gonçalves immediately went into secret session with leaders of the parties represented in the previous government—the Popular Democrats, Socialists and Communists. He also talked with representatives of the small Democratic Movement Party, an avant-garde Marxist group that is closely linked to the Communists, about their bid for a post in the new Cabinet.

At week's end the new coalition had

LISBON RADICALS CHEERING AT PARTY MEETING SHORTLY BEFORE GOVERNMENT BAN



Cunhal: A Formidable Communist

For much of the past four decades he has been in prison (14 years in all) or in exile. The rest of the time he lurked in a shadowy, hotly pursued underground movement. Even so, Alvaro Cunhal, 61, secretary-general of the Portuguese Communist Party, is surprisingly well known. A brilliant lawyer with blazing black eyes and a mane of thick silver hair, he returned from Eastern Europe to a tumultuous red-banner welcome only a few days after the April 1974 revolution that toppled the old right-wing dictatorship. Since then, with his debonair good looks, smooth manner and legendary reputation as a dedicated Communist opponent of the former regime, he has become probably the most formidable politician in Portugal.

Cunhal was born in the town of Se

relations with the international Communist movement. In 1949 he was caught and again imprisoned. When he managed to escape from the infamous Peniche prison in 1961, Cunhal had spent eight full years in solitary confinement.

"Where do I live after escaping?" Cunhal asks rhetorically. "Many places I was a gypsy. But I never ran away from Portugal." Western intelligence sources say that he spent much of that time in Prague. He was reportedly in the Czechoslovak capital in 1968 when the Russians invaded. He publicly came out in support of the invasion. Cunhal tries hard to look and sound like a moderate, advocating a free press, political parties and elections. But he insists that the power of the landowners and monopolies must be ended. Cunhal also says that all existing agreements, includ-



PORTUGUESE COMMUNIST LEADER ALVARO CUNHAL DISCUSSING PARTY PROGRAM IN LISBON

Nova, the son of an impecunious country lawyer. As a law student at Lisbon University, Cunhal received the highest grades ever recorded, even though he had to finish his studies from prison (he was jailed numerous times during that period for being a Communist). In 1935 he went to Moscow for the annual Communist International Youth Congress, where he impressed the party with his eloquent oratory. The following year he was sent to Madrid on a special mission during the first months of the Spanish Civil War. When he tried to slip back to Portugal, he was arrested and tortured. Out of prison after a year, he began his *vida clandestina* (life in hiding) that did not end until after the April revolution 38 years later.

Working clandestinely, he formed a nucleus of professional revolutionaries, creating a broader-based anti-Fascist movement, and organized strikes, set up an underground press and established

ing ties with NATO and U.S. base arrangements, should be respected. But then, not so long ago he was saying that the Communist Party would not insist on nationalization either, and while he might bide his time on NATO, nobody expects him to do so indefinitely. Rumors persist that the Soviets are seeking refueling facilities in Madeira for their fishing fleet, a move which would hardly sit well with NATO.

A modest man who keeps his private life so quiet that no one even knows whether he is married, Cunhal attributes the party's success to tireless organization. In *Path to Victory*, published in 1964, he wrote: "Those who witness great struggles by the masses... many times imagine that they appear by magic, as a result of spontaneous indignation of the people or perhaps through emotional appeals. The truth is that only through careful organization can they succeed."

still not been announced. Government ministers said that the new Cabinet, like the outgoing one, would be predominantly military with perhaps a larger representation of Communists, who formerly held two posts. One rumored change was that Mario Soares, the Socialist leader, might lose his post as Foreign Minister, although Gonçalves was believed likely to keep him in the Cabinet in some position.

Equally unclear was the precise ideological makeup of the Revolutionary Council. The 200-man Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.), which has guided government policy since last April's revolution, created the council as a supreme political authority in an all-night session following the coup attempt. Many moderates, who had previously defeated similar attempts to create such a council, were in hiding or frightened away from the emergency meeting. "The council reflects radical thinking in the M.F.A.," said a European diplomat. "More than that we cannot say with assurance." Late last week the council increased its membership to 28 with the addition of four new members, including three prominent moderates. They are expected to provide a braking influence on the radicals.

Rival Rallies. Even before that, the council moved swiftly against what Costa Gomes described as "those few persons who cannot distinguish between being free and being liberated, confusing democracy with the absence of authority and legality." Two radical leftist parties, the tiny Alliance of Workers and Farmers and the student-dominated Movement for the Reorganization of the Proletariat Party (M.R.P.P.), were banned. Both were accused of staging violent street demonstrations and disrupting rival political rallies, but some observers thought that they were being eliminated at the behest of Portugal's Moscow-oriented Communists. "The Communist game is to play Mr. Clean," said one foreign diplomat. "The Maoists would only have been in the way, fueling fears both here and abroad that dangerous leftist loonies were on the loose."

Also banned was the small, conservative Christian Democratic Party, whose leader, Major Sanches Osorio, a former Information Minister, was allegedly implicated in the March 11 coup. The council did not move, as some had feared, against the much larger conservative party, the Center Social Democratic Party (C.D.S.), which had presented joint slates in many areas with the Christian Democrats. But, while the government authorized the C.D.S. to field new candidates, there was some question whether it would.

As for postponing the election, which was originally scheduled for April 12, the government said that it was doing so for technical reasons. One problem was getting ballots printed up with the new list of eleven instead of 14 eligible parties. Another snag was the

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election commission's realization that several parties had picked the hammer and sickle as their symbol. That would have made it difficult for the estimated 2 million illiterates among Portugal's 6 million voters to make their choice. Those parties will now be asked to find new symbols. The official three-week campaign is scheduled to get under way next week.

Some foreign observers were openly skeptical as to whether the elections would mean much under the rules established by the Revolutionary Council. Before the coup and the subsequent crackdown, there were estimates (admittedly rough) that the middle-of-the-road Popular Democrats and the Center Social Democrats would win 60% of the vote and the Socialists another 25%. But the Communists could conceivably enlarge their estimated 12% of the vote should other leftist groups swing their support to them. Says Francisco Pinto Balsemão, editor of the weekly magazine *Expresso* and a founder of the Popular Democrats: "The Communists have already imposed their view of socialism on the country through the Revolutionary Council and through nationalization. I'm a non-Communist, not an anti-Communist. But I'm more inclined to be an anti-Communist as each day passes."

Meanwhile, observers were still trying to piece together the events that led up to the abortive right-wing coup. The attempt was so inept that some people in Lisbon speculated that the left may have deliberately stirred up violence in hopes of provoking a premature right-wing effort to seize power so that it could be easily crushed. In an ironic twist, former President António de Spínola, the alleged leader of the plot, wound up in exile in Brazil along with former Dictator Marcello Caetano, whose regime he helped topple last year. In an interview in São Paulo with *TIMI's* Barry Hillenbrand, Spínola said that he stood on a fellow officer's statement that the coup had been a pre-emptive strike intended to head off an alleged Communist plot to assassinate 500 military officers and 1,000 civilians. He also claimed that he had made plans to leave Portugal even before the ill-fated attack on the Lisbon barracks. Said he: "When a person goes to the cinema and does not like the movie, he gets up and leaves. I did not like the show."

Chaotic Takeover. Some accounts from Portugal suggested that Spínola's role was not so passive. Apparently convinced that he could save his country from the chaos and Communist takeover he feared, Spínola reportedly plotted over open telephone lines with ultrarightists to overthrow the government. Moderate officers, who might conceivably have joined the rebellion, were frightened off by the involvement of members of the old regime and feared that a rightist uprising would end up in a Chilean-style massacre of leftists and plunge the country into civil war.

Spain: The Right Clamps Down

A Spaniard visiting Moscow stops at the Kremlin wall, where his Russian host takes him to view Lenin's remains. "We have one like that," shrugs the Spaniard. "But he sits up and talks." That Madrid joke about ailing Generalissimo Francisco Franco, 82, would be merely crude were it not for the fact that it reflects a deep-rooted bitterness. After 35 years of living under a dictatorial regime notable mostly for its rigid stability, many Spaniards these days are worried about both the erratic course of the Franco regime and *el Caudillo's* ability to run the country.

Spaniards have grown increasingly restive since Franco reclaimed the pow-

about the centrifugal pull the Portuguese revolution could have on Spain. The regime's response has been to clamp down even more. Says one leading Socialist: "The Old Guard is praying desperately that the Portuguese revolution will fail. Although the government is saying nothing, we know many of its members are secretly delighted that Portugal seems to be moving to a military dictatorship of the left. This is bad news for us too. We want a democratic Spain, and our chances of achieving that can be destroyed if the Portuguese Communists and military go too far."

In the middle of the struggle is Premier Carlos Arias Navarro, 66, a former mayor of Madrid and Interior Minister. He became No. 2 man in the government just over a year ago after Basque separatists assassinated Admiral



FRANCISCO FRANCO & WIFE RECEIVING COMMUNION AT CLOSE OF RELIGIOUS GATHERING
The old man, it is said, is not really aware of the new Spain.

ers he briefly relinquished to Prince Juan Carlos, 37, after suffering a near-fatal stroke last summer. The government has grappled uncertainly with the problems assaulting it on all sides. Says one longtime political expert who is now outside Franco's government: "If the present situation is prolonged indefinitely, it will be disastrous."

Franco's return to power set off a largely behind-the-scenes struggle. Right-wing veterans of the Falange movement warn that if dissidence festers, Spain faces the kind of disorder that they now feel exists in Portugal. Opposed to the Old Guard are reformers who argue that if Spain does not move toward change, discontent will become uncontrollable.

Although the government has sought to exhibit an air of calm about recent events in Portugal, there is no question that it is extremely concerned

Luis Carrero Blanco, whom Franco had designated "the bridge for the succession." Although respected for his integrity, Arias does not really have Franco's ear and thus finds it hard to control the Cabinet factions. His major innovation—an *apertura*, or opening, of the political process—was to have allowed a spectrum of parties to organize. But because the law in effect gave the Falange power to decide which parties were permissible, the offer failed to attract any new groups.

Pitched Battles. Labor unrest appears to be Arias' biggest problem. Although strikes are technically forbidden, there were 2,196 "labor conflicts" in 1974 involving more than 700,000 workers. In the rebellious Basque country, 200,000 workers went on a one-day general strike on the anniversary of the Burgos trials of 16 Basque guerrillas charged with the murder of a police chief. Many

THE WORLD

of the strikes involve worker complaints that government-proposed cost of living increases are not keeping up with Spain's inflation rate (24% last year). More importantly, for the first time in Spanish history, workers in one industry have openly supported dissident workers in another industry.

University students are also unhappy. Late last month at Valladolid University, angry students bombarded an unpopular rector with eggs. Police seized on what would ordinarily be regarded as a minor incident to shut down most of the university until next October, effectively cutting off a year's study for 10,000 students. Strikes have periodically closed down universities all across Spain, and there have been pitched battles between demonstrators and police. Last week a substantial number of the University of Madrid's 70,000 students were still boycotting classes to protest the closing of Valladolid.

The support of two traditional pillars of the Franco regime—the Roman Catholic Church and the army—is also faltering. The clergy has become increasingly critical of the government. Numerous priests, particularly in the north of Spain, have been detained and fined for delivering sermons considered radical. Last week even the usually conservative Archbishop of Madrid, Vicente Cardinal Enrique y Tarancón, expressed anger over the government's peremptory ban of a long-planned church rally to discuss conditions among poor migrants in the Madrid suburb of Vallecas. The reason given was that extremists planned to use the meeting to voice antigovernment feelings.

Prison Terms. Symptomatic of the military's discontent, two army officers, Major Julio Busquets, 42, and Captain José Julvez, 27, recently refused to carry out an order to survey the political opinions of railway workers in restless Barcelona. Two days later, some 25 officers in the Barcelona area signed a statement supporting the men, asserting that "the army is not a public order force, but is to serve the people." Both men drew prison terms.

Franco, meanwhile, shows no sign of being willing to step aside. Although he suffers from Parkinson's disease, phlebitis and a palsied right hand, he still meets with selected ministers and presides over the ritual Friday-morning Cabinet meeting. But Cabinet meetings are no longer the five-hour sessions they once were, when Franco was aware of the most inconsequential details of the proceedings. Says an intimate: "The old man doesn't want to be told what he doesn't want to hear. He is not really aware of the new Spain."

Many Spaniards fear that the right-wing Falangists—who do have his ear—will tell him something he may want to hear: that more repression is the answer. In that case, the flag of liberalization, already at half-staff, may come down altogether.

Italy: Détente at the Neighborhood Level

Rome's Fiumicino airport was jammed with pilgrims last week. Some were Roman Catholics arriving to observe the Holy Year paschal ceremonies in the Eternal City. More secular-minded visitors included Communist delegations from 70 countries, who flew in for the 14th National Congress of the Italian Communist Party. It promised to be the most important such meeting in years. Principal topic on the six-day agenda was the *compromesso storico*—the "historic compromise" under which for the first time the Communists seek partnership in an Italian govern-

ment, after 30 years of opposition. Berlinguer argued that Communist participation in a government with other parties was essential "for the future of Italian democracy." He did not spell out the specific terms under which the party would enter such a government, in what some observers refer to as "détente at the neighborhood level."

In an apparent effort to placate political moderates, the secretary promised that the Communists, if they came to power, would seek a Europe-oriented foreign policy for Italy, independent of both superpowers and hostile to neither. He also said that the party would not insist upon Italy leaving NATO. In deference to the church, which strongly opposes the historic compromise, Berlinguer promised that the Communists

would pay "rigorous fidelity to the concept of tolerance and respect for every conviction and faith."

Berlinguer's theories are rejected by some hard-liners within the party, who were brought up on the classic revolutionary dogma of unending class struggle. Nonetheless, it was virtually certain that the delegates would approve the secretary's platform. The larger question was the reaction of other Italian political parties. Amintore Fanfani, the conservative secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, remains adamantly opposed. "If the Christian Democrats do not want to commit suicide," he said earlier this month, "they must say no to the *compromesso storico* tomorrow, as well as today." But left-wing Christian Democrats are not that opposed to the idea, nor are some socialists and members of the small but influential Republican Party.

Since he became secretary of the party in 1972, Berlinguer—the Sardinian scion of landowning aristocrats—has worked hard to promote a new respectable image for the Communists. Many middle-class Italians apparently believe that the

Communists are not the threat they seemed to be a few years ago. A recent poll by the Milan daily *Corriere della Sera* showed that 38% of the voters were in favor of the compromise, while 34.9% were opposed; 27.1% were either undecided or confused as to what the compromise would mean.

That poll, however, was taken before the sudden emergence of the militant, Communist-led left in Portugal, which Berlinguer sought to explain away last week as "a very complicated political process" following four decades of fascism. "It is clear," he insisted, "that



ITALIAN COMMUNIST LEADER BERLINGUER
A new, respectable image.

ment. As a result of economic disorder and disenchantment over an inept succession of center-left coalition governments dominated by the Christian Democrats, Communist hopes have never been brighter.

As thunderstorms raged outside Rome's Palazzo dello Sport, Party Secretary Enrico Berlinguer, 52, explained the significance of the compromise in a 3½-hour keynote addressed to the 1,124 Italian delegates at the congress. It was Berlinguer who two years ago first proposed the idea that Italy's second largest party should become a partner in

conditions in Italy are altogether different from those in Portugal." Nevertheless, when word reached Rome that Portuguese Christian Democrats had been barred from upcoming elections, a delegation of Italian Christian Democrats, attending the Communist congress as observers, walked out in protest.

The possibilities for compromise will be clearer in June, when regional and municipal elections take place across Italy. The Communists are expected to do well. For one thing, membership in the party has risen to 1,601,507, an increase of 135,000 in three years. For another, Parliament earlier this month passed a law lowering the voting age from 21 to 18; nearly 40% of these newly enfranchised youths are expected to vote Communist, either from conviction or from dissatisfaction with lack of jobs and inflation. Even if the Communists win heavily, however, Berlinguer indicated last week that the party will wait for power rather than demand it or fight for it openly. Said he: "We are a patient, tenacious people."

BRITAIN

For the Market, More or Less

After five years of flip-flopping over whether or not he really favors British participation in the Common Market, Harold Wilson slid gingerly off the fence last week. In Parliament, the Prime Minister announced that "Her Majesty's government have decided to recommend to the British people that they should vote [in a June referendum] in favor of staying in the Community." Wilson's words were greeted with considerable cynicism. "Large numbers on this side always thought you would do it," sarcastically observed William Hamilton, a pro-Market Labor M.P. Added Liberal Party Chief Jeremy Thorpe with heavy irony: "The right honorable gentleman deserves to be congratulated on the consistency he has always shown on European matters."

In fact, Wilson's Labor government had given the EEC something less than a ringing endorsement. Seven of the 23 Cabinet members, including such influential left-wing radicals as Employment Secretary Michael Foot and Industry Secretary Anthony Wedgwood Benn, opposed the decision; estimates are that at least 139 of the 318 Labor M.P.s will vote against Wilson's recommendation when it is put to an initial vote in Commons next month. Moreover, 18 of the 30 members of Labor's National Executive said that they will reject the Cabinet recommendation when it is put up for approval at a special meeting of the party, probably in early May.

The government recommendation is virtually certain of parliamentary approval, if only because the Labor pro-

Marketeteers can count on the support of about 260 of the 276 Tories and eleven of the 13 Liberals. For the moment, at least, public opinion seems to be on the side of Europe. The most recent Harris poll indicated that 45% of the voters favor staying in the Community, with 33% opposed and 22% undecided. The poll was taken before this month's Dublin summit of Common Market government leaders who granted concessions to make Britain's continued participation more acceptable. They approved renegotiated terms that could give Britain an annual refund of up to \$300 million on its contributions to the Community budget and allow it to import New Zealand butter at low duty rates.

Road to Damascus. In light of the strong opposition within the Labor Party to the Cabinet's position, no one was particularly surprised when Wilson indicated that he might not campaign actively for the referendum. "I believe that continued Community membership is the best course for Britain," he said in a television interview, "but I don't believe the British people would believe me if I said I had seen the road to Damascus somewhere between Dublin and London." Apparently, the Prime Minister had decided to adopt a shrewd and presumably fail-safe strategy. By not fighting strongly for the Market, he might be able to use his image as a cool, pragmatic Marketeer to win marginal voters who would be turned off by the passionate appeals of committed pro-Europe Laborites. If by chance the referendum fails, Wilson could then claim that all along he had doubts, which the electorate had confirmed.

One unanswered question is whether Wilson might not have totally outfoxed himself by agreeing to an EEC referendum. Back in 1970, he went on record



WILSON ADDRESSING POLITICAL MEETING
On the side of Europe.

as being opposed to such a device on the ground that it was unnecessary in a parliamentary democracy. He agreed to the referendum in 1972 only to avoid a split within the Labor Party—and to put the former Conservative government of Edward Heath on the defensive for refusing to let the people have their say about Market membership.

Now Britain faces a divisive three months before the vote during which pro-Market industry and anti-Market unions will line up on different sides. Laborites will fight Laborites, and many British families will be more politically divided than they have been since the Suez Canal crisis of 1956. In short, Wilson may have worked out a formula for saving his own political neck—at the cost of hopelessly dividing the party that elected him as its standard-bearer.



"I should like to point out that at no stage has my position changed..."

Cher, to Place and Show

To the Editors:

Cher! The most beautiful TIME cover [March 17] since Man O' War!

Murray Gross
Tucson, Ariz.

A TIME cover story? Is there anything else America can do to help this "mildly talented creature totally fashioned by show business"?

Maxine Steward
Mesa, Ariz.

Bravo! A cover story that will probably cause a rash of derogatory letters from jealous housewives and the fans of Lawrence Welk, but one for which I express my admiration and thanks.

Cher has evolved into a polished performer with tremendous vocal abilities, comic timing, and a sleek, sexy approach to all she does. Through the tumult of the past ten years her star has continued to shine, and I can only hope that it will shine for ten times ten more.

E.J. Slivinski
Pittsburgh

Disgusting—your recent cover. I tore it off and threw it away all crumpled up.

Judith F. Bonnie
Louisville

Some weeks it's tough to look at your cover and see a world of war, violence and economic misery. However, as one of "the older boys" of the family, I found the edition with beautiful Cher on the front was a treat. And past the cover, her story was well worth the reading.

Bill Stanyar
Toronto

Where Are the Hitites?

You attribute to me the view that "Israel's survival is in grave doubt." No. Israel—the people and the land—will survive every existing hostile nation. Where now are the Hitites? The Jebusites? Who lately has interviewed a Gergashite? What news is there from the Amalekites?

Those who study hatred are blotted out. Israel continues, from Father Abraham to this [March 10] issue of TIME. A generation will come when our descendants will look on these dread portraits of King Faisal as Shelley looked on the rubble of Ozymandias' sneer.

Cynthia Ozick
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Who in the hell do you think you're kidding? Do you seriously expect your readers to believe that if there were 6 million Arabs sitting in prominent positions in politics, finance and mass communications in this country and only a handful of Jewish rug peddlers, that Presidents from Roosevelt through Ford would have been outspoken Zionists?

There are millions of Americans like myself who, while we sympathize with the sufferings of the Jewish people under tyrants from Torquemada through Hitler, do not feel that the U.S. is obliged to guarantee the territorial integrity of Israel. Don't give us any more of that "because it is right" jive. I don't want my son dumping his guts on the Negev sand in the interests of Zionism, and I think most Americans feel the same.

Byron F. Samuels
Vallejo, Calif.

Jews withhold financial support from politicians who speak their minds if what they say is not favorable to Israel. Arabs try to counteract. They withhold business from Jews. But that is a black-list. Wake up, America double standards will not get you anywhere.

K.M. Khantab
Sudbury, Ont.



TIME's cover story asks us to show an element of trust regarding a Middle East settlement. Are we supposed to trust Terrorist Arafat,

or the oil sheiks, or the U.N., or international guarantees that were worthless in the past?

Max Weissenberg
Fairfax, Calif.

Disinclined as one may be to take exception to Washington sources, I must disassociate myself from the remarks attributed to me in TIME's March 10 issue. General Brown is a dedicated officer of excellent professional judgment as well as a patriot and gentleman. Had I the view erroneously ascribed to me of General Brown, he would not have become Chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

Let me state quite succinctly: I am proud of my association with General Brown—as an officer and as a man.

J.R. Schlesinger
Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

TIME stands by the accuracy of its report.

The Cold War

The American Medical Association continues its unjustified effort to downgrade vitamin C [March 24]. The effectiveness of vitamin C against the common cold is not nil, as stated by the A.M.A. Instead, every one of the twelve controlled studies that have been carried out in which subjects were exposed to cold viruses by contact with other people and in which some subjects regularly received the vitamin C, an average of 1,000 mg. per day, and others received an inactive tablet, gave the result that the vitamin-C subjects had less illness than the controls. The average amount of decreased illness for the vitamin-C subjects was 37%. There is no doubt that vitamin C, taken regularly or taken in large amounts at the first sign of a cold, leads to significant protection against colds for most people.

The A.M.A. spokesmen ignored three of the important studies and misrepresented the others. They also mentioned the possibility of serious adverse side effects but referred to them as hypothetical. The danger of forming kidney stones has been greatly exaggerated. Vitamin C is a much safer substance than ordinary cold medicines; moreover, it can stop a cold, whereas ordinary cold medicines cannot.

Linus Pauling
Linus Pauling Institute of Science & Medicine, Menlo Park, Calif.

Scott Derailed

I might agree with the Hon. Hugh Scott that railway nationalization would not work in the U.S. [March 17], but reject his comment about the present state of the nationalized British railways. As an American who has spent two years in England, I find the rail service here without equal anywhere with the possible exception of Japan.

Paul Muller
Newcastle upon Tyne, England

Heroine Levi

You do injustice to Kochava Levi, heroine of the Savoy Hotel attack, by reporting that she "slipped free herself when she was allowed to accompany one of the wounded from the hotel" [March 17]. She saved the life of the wounded man by dragging him out of the hotel, but then she went back to stay with the other hostages until the end. She said later that she could not save only herself when others were still in danger.

Ann Baranes
Tel Aviv

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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More. Put your cigarette against it.



It's a cooling blast.

If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

It's the new 120mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, then gives you more coolness and tobacco taste.

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More Menthol. Put your menthol cigarette against it.

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PEOPLE

The London *Times* called it "the cheekiest of parliamentary guides," but a few members of Britain's House of Commons have been less complimentary about *The M.P.'s Chari*. The 83-page booklet is a collection of irreverent thumbnail descriptions of British politicians written by Manchester *Evening News* Correspondent **Andrew Roth**. In Roth's updated pocket guide, **Andrew Faulds**, a Labor M.P. and former actor, is dismissed as "tall, bearded, rude, sex-trovert." Conservative Leader **Margaret Thatcher** rates a more splendid oxymoron: "blonde, stainless-steel Dresden china." Liberal Leader **Jeremy Thorpe** is characterized as a "middlebrow, U.S.-style show-biz politician." Because almost a quarter of the 635 seats in the Commons changed during last year's two elections, Roth's directory has grown increasingly useful to Parliament watchers. His only concession to propriety, however, has been to adjust his use of the King's English to avoid misunderstanding: "gay" politicians have been re-described as "genial" or "jovial."

"I can't imagine my life changing. The things I am interested in are things that money can't buy," said **Julie Roy**, 36, a department-store clerk who had just been awarded \$350,000 by a Manhattan court. For nine days Roy was in a courtroom face-off with Psychiatrist and *Cosmopolitan* Columnist **Renatus Hartogs**, 66, who, she claimed, had mixed professional advice with sexual advances (*TIME*, March 24). Sexual intercourse with the good doctor, claimed Roy, had only produced severe depression and two involuntary stretches in a New York psychiatric ward. Last week a six-member jury awarded the \$65-a-week clerk \$250,000 in compensatory damages and another \$100,000 in punitive damages. Hartogs, meanwhile, was left to ponder the possible loss of his medical license and the prospect of a similar suit by another of his former patients.

"Seventy is wormwood. Seventy is gall. But it's better to be 70. Than not alive at all." It is also better to be 71, which is Poet **Phyllis McGinley's** real age despite the birthday doggerel she composed for herself last week. "It couldn't matter less," she laughed, "now that it's out." Still a vigorous defender of the glories of housewifery, the 1961 Pulitzer prizewinner had little praise for modern poets. "They stopped using rhyme, and they stopped using meter," she complained. "They're just kind of wandering about, like Erica Jong." Slowed down recently by a stroke and pneumonia, McGinley has all but given up writing her own agile light verse. She spends her time in her Manhattan apartment reading and watching her favorite TV shows: *M*A*S*H* and *The Streets of San Francisco*.

cisco. "I don't like any of the good programs. I like mush," she confessed. "I am the great common denominator."

Add one more name to the rolls of working wives. Citing the mounting legal bills of former Domestic Affairs Adviser **John Ehrlichman**, Wife **Jeanne** has signed on for a \$10,000-a-year publicly funded emergency employment job with the Seattle Symphony. A former part-time employee of the symphony, Jeanne qualified as a member of a "lower-income family," and has begun working as a school concert coordinator. The Ehrlichmans still occupy their big house overlooking Lake Washington, but, says Jeanne, "my family needs the money John hasn't worked in the past year, you know."

"My God, it's my father," marveled **Margaret Truman Daniel** after watching Actor **James Whitmore** run through his role in *give 'em hell harry!* Whitmore, who toured the U.S. for three years as the gum-chewing reincarnation of Humorist Will Rogers, returned to the stage in Hershey, Pa., this time with the blunt bons mots of **Harry S. Truman**. Among the show's props, naturally, is a copy of the famous Chicago daily *Tribune* that erroneously headlined Truman's 1948 election defeat by Governor **Thomas Dewey**. "I must have thrown away 50 of those," mourned Margaret. "Now they're worth \$5,000 each."

"I've got a much better dressing room now," rasped Comedian **George Burns**, "and when I go to the commissary, they have a seat waiting." There have been other changes too since Burns, 79, and the late **Gracie Allen** filmed *Honolulu* back in 1939. Now fully recovered from open-heart surgery eight months ago, Burns is back on the movie sets for the first time in 36 years starring in Neil Simon's *The Sunshine Boys*. Co-starred with wrinkled, bewigged **Walter Matthau**, 51, Burns is replacing **Jack Benny**, who died last December. "When I worked with Gracie, I didn't have to do that much, just ask how her brother was and stand around smoking a cigar for 20 minutes while she talked," recalled Burns last week. "In *Sunshine Boys* I don't even have to tell jokes. Character actors don't have to get laughs." Pause. "Come to think of it, last time I played Vegas I was a character actor."



JEANNE EHRLICHMAN JOINS THE WORKING CLASS



MARGARET TRUMAN DANIEL ON THE SET WITH JAMES WHITMORE



BURNS IN HONOLULU (1939) & THE SUNSHINE BOYS (1975)

Tommy Rocks In

TOMMY

Directed and Written by
KEN RUSSELL

One thing is sure: there has never been a movie musical quite like *Tommy*, a weird, crazy, wonderfully excessive version of The Who's rock opera. Ken Russell is a film maker (*Women in Love*, *The Devils*) who glories in the kind of heightened visual absurdity that *Tommy* both invites and requires. Russell is also among the boldest of contemporary film

best work Russell has ever done.

This first attempt at a "rock opera" was composed by Peter Townshend of The Who and performed by the group on a record album released in 1969. *Tommy* was closer to oratorio than opera, but the most serious thing about the entire piece was the lofty label that was pinned on it: *Tommy* was just strong rock 'n' roll sometimes raunchy, sometimes highfalutin. The Who even wound up performing it at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, an appearance that was less an honor than a shrewd piece of promotion. *Tommy* has not only endured since then; it has flourished.

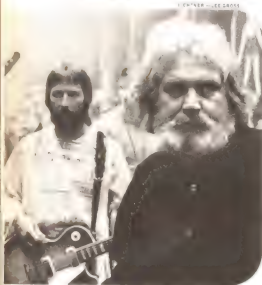
Shaky Totem. What is best in this movie version is Ken Russell's attempt to comment upon and satirize a culture where a shaky totem like *Tommy* could attract such worshipful respect. *Tommy* shares with traditional operas a foolish libretto, this one having to do with a deaf, dumb and blind boy who becomes a pinball champion, a culture hero and a new messiah. Townshend wavered crazily between satire, science fiction and sanctimony; Russell mocks the very seriousness of the piece itself by focusing on, then extending it. The movie is entirely sung; there is no dialogue. But there are several added narrative fillips and some lavish production numbers whose very excess is their own meaning.

Russell's tone is expansive and abrasive. His maniacal invention comes to full flower like an orchid in a hothouse. When *Tommy* (The Who's Roger Daltrey) meets the Pinball Wizard (Elton John) in a championship match, Russell mounts it on a gilded stage before thousands of fans. The Wizard looks like a character from the other side of an electronic looking glass. Shirt full of glitter, several pairs of suspenders holding up his pants, he perches in front of his pinball machine on seven-story platform shoes, singing *Pinball Wizard* ("That deaf, dumb and blind kid? Sure plays a mean pinball"). *Tommy* defeats him and our last sight of the Wizard is only of his shoes, upended, borne off through the contemptuous crowd.

Russell also adds a scene of sardonic electronic nightmare, and another of distinctly contemporary celebration. *Tommy's* mother (Ann-Margret) watches her television set actually spew forth the waste from all its commercials. Baked beans, soapsuds, melted chocolate gush like a lava flow, and, like any good contemporary consumer, she grovels in the mixture. The religious celebration is a faith healing held at the altar of a very modern goddess, Marilyn Mon-

roe. As the crippled faithful rush to receive Communion and touch her effigy—a statue in the image of the famous skirt elevation from *The Seven-Year Itch*—Eric Clapton, in a priest's raiment, sings *Eyesight for the Blind*.

If, after even such scenes as these, the movie ultimately fails, it is because all of Russell's invention exposes but does not defeat the daffy banality of *Tommy* itself. Russell must have known that to mount *Tommy* as a satire on its own roots would still not increase its stature. Still, he took the best, and perhaps the only course. The movie is splendid to look at, all in gaudy picture-postcard colors. It is acted with appropriate verve by all, including Tina Turner as a down and dirty Acid Queen, an amus-



CLAPTON & RUSSELL ON SET
In gothic style.

makers. He fears nothing, including being bad, and he has often been. He is bad occasionally here, but it does not matter finally. His unceasing visual imagination gives the movie an exhilarating boldness, a rush of real excitement. *Tommy* stirs a memory of a lyric from an old Jerry Lee Lewis song: it shakes your nerves and it rattles your brain.

As must be clear by now, Russell is hardly interested in traditional narrative film making. He is not concerned with the usual standards of good taste either, except to mock and outrage them. His biographies of artists (*Song of Summer*, *The Music Lovers*, *Savage Messiah*) display a sumptuously cavalier disregard for facts. It is fantasy that matters to Russell, fantasy most often on a highly charged, even colossal order. In comparison with such fever dreams as *The Devils*, *Tommy* is fairly restrained stuff, including sequences that are among the



DALTREY AS TOMMY
Liszt is next.

ingly scrofulous Oliver Reed as *Tommy's* stepfather, and Jack Nicholson playing a physician who represents a bit of high-class lowlife.

The success of a bit of recycled nostalgia like *That's Entertainment* prompted a lot of people to ask "Why don't they make good musicals any more?" Well *Tommy* is one, although not at all designed to please the taste of folks who wish for the spangled gentility of the '30s and '40s. It is worth keeping in mind that a half-century from now, grandchildren will be looking at *Tommy* and its inevitable successors, enjoying all the extravagance and wondering about the good old days. Right now *Tommy* is entertainment. *Tommy* is the new musical, and it will stand.

—Joy CKels

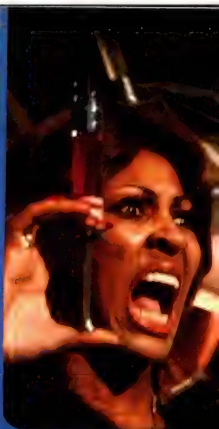
Ken Russell's first reaction to The Who's recording of *Tommy* was "Rubbish." But Producer Robert Stigwood,



Clockwise from top left: Tommy's mother (Ann-Margret), romantically inclined; the Pinball Wizard (Elton John) at work; the fiery fall of Tommy's (Roger Daltrey) kingdom; the faithful worship of a contemporary goddess.

MARK LUTTRELL—LAS VEGAS





Clockwise from top left: a teen-age Tommy is cared for by his flamboyantly sudistic Cousin Kevin (Paul Nicholas); the Acid Queen (Tina Turner) prepares enlightenment; Tommy becomes a pop messiah; Tommy's mom rejoices in the waste products of television commercials.



SHOW BUSINESS

who had bought the rights to the rock opera from Composer Pete Townshend, persisted. It took over a year for Russell to come up with his own more satirical version of *Tommy's* pinball odyssey, and then there was another problem. A lover of classical music, Ken Russell knew nothing about pop. "I didn't know who Eric Clapton or Elton John was." It was not long before Russell, 47, discovered that pop singers like Roger Daltrey were typecast for his gothic style.

Because Russell hates studios, the cast and crew worked mainly on location. Several parts of England are still bruised from the encounter. In Southsea, he was filming on an old pier that caught fire. Calmly, he moved his crew ashore and kept the cameras rolling on an embarrassed fire brigade trying to put out the blaze with antiquated equipment. In Portsmouth, Russell won permission to film the Marilyn Monroe idolatry scene in the Royal Marines' chapel, but when the commandant saw the worshippers, he tried to stop the production. Russell had hired 200 handicapped extras. "They're the happiest people you could hope to meet," he explained. "They loved being in the movie."

So did Ann-Margret. "I like to be stretched," she said. "Ken not only stretched me; he put me through the wringer." Wearing a knit jumpsuit, she had to dance around a smashed TV set as the room filled with soapsuds. "But the room filled up so fast I couldn't see anything. There was Ken shouting closer, closer, and I bumped into the TV." Rushed to the hospital for 23 stitches in her hand, Ann-Margret noticed only belatedly that her jumpsuit had shrunk to half size.

Démodé Chic. The jumpsuit, like most of the clothes in Russell's movies, was designed by his wife Shirley. She also collects thrift-shop gear, and Russell pictures are immediately recognizable by their raffish, *démodé* chic. Aesthetics aside, this practice also keeps down wardrobe costs. "I'd heard Russell was difficult to work with, went over the budget, that kind of thing," says Producer Stigwood, "but it isn't true." *Tommy's* budget of \$3.5 million was probably more money than Russell had seen in some time. His last movies, *The Boy Friend*, *The Music Lovers* and *Savage Messiah*, were flops for a while. Mahler had trouble finding a distributor, reportedly because of a unique piece of Russelliana: a scene showing Cosima Wagner, the master's fascist widow, goose-stepping over Catholic Convert Mahler.

Tommy, which is Russell's biggest success since *Women in Love*, has not been touched by its distributor, Columbia Pictures. "It was the most difficult movie I ever had to make," was Russell's verdict on *Tommy*; he prefers movies about classical composers. *Tommy*, however, has left its mark on Russell. In his next film, *Lisztomania*, he has cast Roger Daltrey as Franz Liszt and Ringo Starr as the Pope.



The Bash

While music drowned out the rumbling of subway trains below, *Tommy* first-nighters celebrated the film's premiere by partying on the mezzanine level of Manhattan's 57th Street subway station. "I've never been so frightened in my life," said Pinball Wizard Elton John, as more than 700 guests jostled for 600 seats. The celebrators, many making their first trip into the tubes, were treated to something more than usual subway fare: 50 lbs. of octopus flown in from the Bahamas, 50 dozen oysters from Virginia, five 30-lb. lobsters from Nova Scotia, a 20-lb. Alaskan king crab, 100-lb. rounds of roast beef from Omaha and pastry fantasies as arcane as Ken Russell's own visions. By the subway entrances sat an 8-ft.-long *Tommy* sign fashioned from 3,000 tomatoes,

radishes, cauliflowers and broccoli.

"We have a little bit of everybody here," observed Acid Queen Tina Turner doubtfully, "and not everybody has soul." She spent most of the evening seated next to bugle-beaded Ann-Margret. Invitations called for "black tie or glitter funk," a dress code broad enough to bring out Pop Artist Andy Warhol ("I just wanted to see Ann-Margret"), Marion Javits, wife of Senator Jacob Javits, Actor Anthony Perkins and a sampling of transvestites, tuxedoed Hollywood agents and blue-jeaned rock freaks. The glitter blitz blared until 2 a.m., leaving Columbia Pictures with a bill of some \$35,000 for food, flowers and guards. The whole spectacle was unsettling to *Tommy* Composer and Who Guitarist Pete Townshend, who stood by a turnstile surveying his new underground following. Said he apprehensively: "I just hope none of 'em turn up at any Who concerts."

PARTYGOERS ELTON JOHN, TINA TURNER & PETE TOWNSHEND IN THE SUBWAY





COLUMNIST ANDERSON WITH MUCK RAKE

Show and Tell?

For months, right up to last week, William E. Colby, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, spent a good deal of his time on an unusual undercover task. By phone calls, visits and through his emissaries, Colby made contact with a number of news organizations. His purpose: to persuade them, on national security grounds, not to print a story that they all knew about—the attempt by the CIA to raise a sunken Soviet submarine from the ocean bottom.

Colby's request immediately created a dilemma for the newsmen. Each organization had to decide whether to withhold knowledge from the public of a secret Government operation or publish a story that, as Colby argued, might damage the nation's defenses. In short, the press was face to face with an old question: When does the right of the people to know end and the need to protect national security begin?

Personal Plea. In the recent past the problem was simpler. Editors had few qualms about revealing CIA operations—like domestic spying—that were clearly illegal. But the case of the Soviet sub was different. The CIA was operating in its legitimate sphere—foreign intelligence; and the operation was still going on. Colby had personally pleaded for restraint, and there was in any disclosure a risk of severe damage to U.S.-U.S.S.R. détente. In hindsight, however, some journalists are wondering whether the CIA wanted the story out for its own reasons (see *THE NATION*).

For more than a year Colby was able to keep the lid on. Seymour Hersh of the New York *Times* first heard of the salvage operation's code name, "Project Jennifer," but without details, in 1973

By early 1974, Colby knew what Hersh knew and privately cautioned the *Times* not to pursue the story. In September 1974, Lloyd Shearer of *Parade* magazine learned from a crewman on the *Gloria Explorer*, the Howard Hughes ship, about the quest and tried to confirm it through Hughes' Summa Corp., without success. Alerted by Summa, Colby some months later reached Shearer, confirmed the basic facts and persuaded him to keep mum, arguing that recovery of the sub might yield some "ultra-secret" Soviet coding equipment.

By midwinter, however, a number of other news organizations were on to the story. On February 8, the first edition of the Los Angeles *Times* carried a front-page article on the Jennifer mission, but it was incomplete and garbled the details (e.g., the paper placed the submarine in the Atlantic, not the Pa-

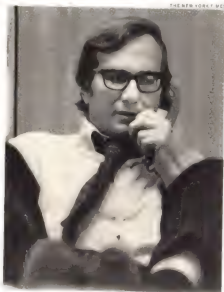
A.C.U. lawyer was about to break the secret, revealed on his radio broadcast the outlines of the salvage effort. At that point the New York *Times* ran a ready-to-go story by Hersh, devoting a full page to his reportorial details.

Was it right for the *Times* to rush the revelations into print? *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal, who had originally postponed the story at Colby's request, had been willing to hold off until the mission was completed or called off, or until its cover was blown. Said Rosenthal: "The advantages of immediate publication did not outweigh the considerations of disclosing an ongoing military operation." But after Anderson's broadcast, he felt that the issue of publication was academic. "In future cases," says Rosenthal, "it's impossible to say how I would act. My answer is: show me the case, let me read the story, and then I'll come to a decision."

To some, like former California Governor Ronald Reagan, CIA operations are inviolate. Last week Reagan excoriated the press for being irresponsible in its revelation of the CIA operation. But most newsmen sided with the Rosenthal "case by case" approach. Explains Benjamin C. Bradlee, executive editor of the Washington *Post*: "When you have these decisions, you have a balance. On the one side, there's a claim by a government of some standing that what you're about to print will harm the country's security. And on the other side you have the conviction that you're being conned." The burden, in short, is on the editors to make up their minds in each instance.

Watchful Press. George I. Reedy Jr., the onetime press secretary to Lyndon Johnson and now dean of Marquette University's College of Journalism, does not accept so balanced a view. Says he: "I don't think newspaper

pers should be in the business of deciding what should or shouldn't be in the national interest. They should print the news. If every newspaper decided what is or is not in the national interest, you soon wouldn't have any newspapers, you'd just have Government propaganda sheets." Jack Anderson, in his turn, claims that since Watergate, "a lot of editors and reporters are wearing a hair shirt, trying to prove too hard how patriotic and responsible we are. The country was better served by a watchful press." Adds Columnist Tom Wicker of the New York *Times*, who criticized his own paper's restraint: "It is hard to see how a news organization—let alone so many—could have thought such a story ought to be withheld."



THE NEW YORK TIMES'S SEYMOUR HERSH
Taking off the hair shirt.

cific). A CIA official was quickly on the telephone to L.A. *Times* Editor William F. Thomas. Unable to get the story killed, he managed to talk Thomas into burying it on page 18 in later editions. Later Colby briefed Thomas, and, says the editor, "publication would have had some negative results." Shortly afterward, *TIME* learned about the story, but at Colby's personally telephoned request, decided not to run it because of the CIA's claim that it was a legitimate project involving national security. The Washington *Post*, NBC, ABC, *Newsweek* and the Washington *Sir* all got wind of the project. In each case, after a call or visit from Colby there was a decision not to go ahead. Last week, however, Jack Anderson, claiming that an

There seems little doubt that certain CIA and other Government secrets can be violated only at peril to the nation. Some projects, notably the CIA's 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, may well need what Justice Louis Brandeis called "the disinfectant" of public exposure. But in the case of Project Jennifer, given what editors knew at the time, they were right to use restraint.

Reunion in Retreat

The startling pullout by South Vietnamese troops from the northern provinces and the Central Highlands took the world by surprise, and foreign journalists stationed in the country were no exception. Actually, President Nguyen Van Thieu acted with such secrecy that even his Joint General Staff did not know of his decision to abandon the provinces until they read about it in a Saigon newspaper. To find out what was happening, journalistic improvisation was in order.

In Saigon, when the big retreat began, almost all U.S. news bureaus were short-handed, as they had been ever since the 1972-73 U.S. troop evacuation. In many cases there was only a lone correspondent in the capital. Moving fast to help cover the refugees and troops streaming south, the American press jetted in reinforcements from everywhere. The Chicago *Tribune* switched its Far Eastern correspondent, Ronald Yates, from Phnom-Penh to Saigon within 24 hours of the news of the retreat; the New York *Times* moved in Pulitzer Prize-winning Malcolm Browne from Belgrade, Bernard Weinraub from India and Fox Butterfield from Tokyo. TIME dispatched William McWhirter from London and Tokyo Bureau Chief William Stewart. ABC pitched in with twelve full-time personnel.

Studiously Indifferent. Even the routes of retreat, moving around and getting word back were problems for the newsmen. In palmier days American troops had provided helicopters, telephone links and logistical support. Now the South Vietnamese army ran the show, and it was studiously indifferent. When some commercial flights within the country were suspended, newsmen had to turn to charter planes. Said NBC's TV News vice president, Richard Fischer: "We are totally in the hands of the various crooks who run charter services."

However, in the confusion there was, surprisingly, no censorship or harassment of reporters by the Thieu regime—at least for the moment. Such freedom was a marked change from the secret-police tactic of beating up Western newsmen covering demonstrations, or the possibility that the Information Ministry might not renew the visa of any reporter writing an unfavorable story. It was almost old home week for the press in Saigon. But the shadow of defeat darkened the occasion.

Haunted House

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS
by EUGENE O'NEILL

T.S. Eliot once wrote a review of the printed text of *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. He observed, "Mr. O'Neill not only understands one aspect of the 'Negro problem,' but he succeeds in giving this problem universality—in implying, in fact, the universal problem of differences which create a mixture of admiration, love and contempt, with the consequent tension."

The trouble with the revival at Manhattan's Circle in the Square Joseph E. Levine Theater is that it lacks that larger tension. One suspects that the drama has been revived for its presumed topicality and that the audience is supposed to generate strong emotions that scarcely exist in O'Neill's dead-battery prose.

Jim (Robert Christian), a black, and Ella (Trish Van Devere), a white, had been childhood playmates. Growing up, she marries a boxer who deserts her. Despite her aversion to blacks, Ella then marries Jim. However, the stress of social ostracism drives her insane, and she prays for Jim to flunk his bar exams, which he does. With his dream shattered, Jim reverts to a kind of devoted slave to a spectral child bride.

In giving Jim and Ella his real parents' names, O'Neill clearly showed that he felt a parallel to his mother's drug addiction and its role in stunting his father's capacity to become a great actor. Blacks, in this play, are not so much a race as a symbol for what O'Neill's mother regarded as the dark, tormenting world of the stage.

Van Devere is not ready to project that torment, and Christian fares no better. Nor has Director George C. Scott, Van Devere's husband, been able to elicit from the rest of the cast that sense of transcendence through suffering by which alone O'Neill's lesser texts can be salvaged.

■ T.E. Kolem

Iron Thane

MACBETH
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Macbeth articulates a gangrenous world where leadership is a pretext for ambition and power an end in itself. It is all there in the text, but too often the hysterical wife and the weird sisters upstage the man's essential corruption and *Macbeth* turns into the lady's play.

The energetic Scotsman Nicol Williamson has swung a deadly claymore at this flawed reading. At the Royal Shakespeare Company's Aldwych Theater in London, he portrays Macbeth as an anti-hero of feral self-knowledge and focuses on the play's real theme: the psy-

chological disintegration of a man who would be king but discovers that as a murderer he can only be a tyrant. When Williamson and Director Trevor Nunn did their first version at Stratford last year it was encrusted with hoodoo gimmickry and medieval fatalism. Now they have cut to the quick.

Race to Doom. Wearing spurred boots, jodhpurs and black military tunics, Williamson and a cast of toughs speak in Lowland Scots to accent the masculine hardness of Shakespeare's verse. The witches are haggard cockney washerwomen offering a willing Macbeth a potion distilled from the slops of his own ambition. Helen Mirren's Lady Macbeth is a useful fool: an oversexed and undersatisfied vixen in form-fitting velvet.

But Williamson's performance provides the chief engine of the play's race to doom (two hours without an intermission). Swordplay and stage business have been slashed and ghosts reduced to the actors' imaginations, all to emphasize verse. Williamson speaks with a strangled intensity that shows a man totally aware of what he is doing yet too weak to stop. The key to his projection lies in his iron control over the poetic rhythms. He instructs Banquo's murderers with a flat naturalism that echoes the White House tapes, then whinnily rationalizes his supposed invincibility while twiddling a now useless dagger. As the armies close in, he crouches fetus-like at the foot of his throne and, in choked pauses, speaks the play's final nihilistic soliloquy.

Laurence Olivier once summed up the play: "The man knows everything, the woman nothing." Williamson demonstrates, step by bloody step, how Macbeth comes by his awful knowledge.

■ Lawrence Malkin

WILLIAMSON IN MACBETH



Pall Mall Extra Mild 45% less 'tar'

than the
best-selling
filter king.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD "tar" 10 mg.—nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling filter king... "tar" 19 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg.—nicotine, 0.2 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 74

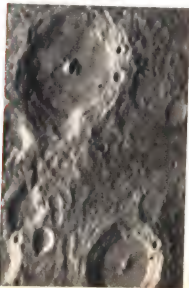
Mercury's Magnetism

The tiny craft had been in space for 16 months and was nearly out of steering fuel. Yet flight controllers at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory last week managed to keep Mariner 10 alive and performing well through its third—and closest—encounter with the solar system's innermost planet. As it passed only 200 miles above Mercury's scorched surface, the half-ton robot swooped over the planet's north polar region, sent back some 300 closeup pictures and confirmed a puzzling fact: that Mercury has an innate magnetic field.

Close Look. The four-hour flyby was an unexpected bonus at the end of an already successful \$100 million mission. Three months after its launch in November 1973, Mariner 10 passed Venus and took the first closeup pictures of the cloud-shrouded planet. Then, slowed by Venusian gravity, it plunged toward the sun, approaching Mercury in March and again in September 1974. On those flybys, Mariner got the first close look at the planet and detected a weak magnetic field that some scientists thought might be caused by Mercury's interaction with the solar wind, a stream of charged particles from the sun.

Last week Mariner established beyond doubt that Mercury's field was distinctly its own. Scientists believe that the earth's magnetism is generated by a dynamo-like motion within its liquid outer core caused by the earth's rotation. But whether Mercury also has a liquid core is a subject of debate. Even if it does, the planet probably rotates too slowly (once every 58½ earth days) for the dynamo effect to occur. Thus, as Mariner fell silent in its eternal orbit of the sun, it left behind a major mystery: How did Mercury acquire its magnetic field?

MERCURY FROM 40,000 MILES



For Joel Sartorius, higher education included the roof of San Marco.

That's Joel in the middle.

And that's the roof of San Marco cathedral he's standing on, high above the canals and gondolas of Venice.

Last year Joel went to Italy to study its art, as one of 59 young men and women on ITT International Fellowships.

Like Joel, about half of the ITT Fellows were Americans studying abroad. The others were foreign students in America. All were graduates, their sights already firmly fixed on careers.

In Joel's case, it's a career in teaching. And what he learned about Italy and its people

should be a big help to him as a teacher.

The people he met learned something about him, too.

And about us Americans.

And that opportunity for mutual understanding—as much as any scholastic goals—is what these ITT Fellowships are all about.

They not only teach people for a career, they teach people about people.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



Fields of Energy

"One might ask," the catalogue begins with unwonted nervousness, "why look at Monet again?" Indeed, no artists have been more exposed than the impressionists; but the day when Claude Monet, their leader, could become a bore is (happily) not yet. Apart from the delectability of his work, it becomes increasingly clear that Monet, whose painting life began in the 1860s and spanned almost 70 years, was as fundamental to 20th century art as Cézanne, Bonnard, Pollock and Rothko; not to mention every color-field painter who came out of an art school, lie cradled in Monet's woven strands of pure color. Consequently the Art Institute of Chicago's Monet retrospective of more than 120 paintings, which opened last

Isle in the 1880s to the blue watery cathedrals he made from his lily pond at Giverny, Monet constantly reworked his paintings in the studio. "Whether my cathedrals, my Londons and other paintings were made from nature or not is nobody's business and is not important," he wrote to his dealer.

In his youth, the effort to reconcile the truth of outdoor painting with his ambition to make "important pictures" on a Salon scale bore odd results, one of which is *Women in the Garden*. He set up this vast canvas (over 8 ft. high) in his garden and even had a trench dug to rest it in so that he could paint the top without having to teeter on a stool. Its tonal contrasts between the green gloom of the trees and the crisp white of the girls' dresses in the bleaching sun are a manifesto of early impressionism

from nature," the lesson went, "and worth more than two days' work at the easel." One can see the grasp growing in works like *The Artist's Garden at Argenteuil*, where the flecked commotion of pink flowers, the blue flowerpots and the green foliage are rescued from incoherence by one bold device: a broad field of lavender-gray shadow thrown across the terrace. We recognize the Argenteuil paintings as substance: they belong to a realist tradition.

But within 15 years this had changed. The high pink-blue landscapes he made in 1894 at Bordighera on the Mediterranean are not about realist vision; no stretch of the imagination can turn these twisting, mistral-filled brush strokes into an optical fact. For by now, Monet had found the theme of his next 40 years: not how to depict things, but how to manifest them as part of a field of energy. In late Monet, as the surrealist painter André Masson observed, there are no solids and voids. Everything is full. A branch moves and pushes at the air with its mop of leaves; the air, a dense fluid of light, responds elastically; eddies form in this continuum of brightness, and the movement of Monet's brush reveals their presence the way an oar, dipped in a pond, reveals the water. "A landscape, for me, does not exist at all as such," he said of his *Haystack* series, "because the aspect changes at every moment, but it lives through its surroundings by the light and air which vary continually." If nature was not eloquent enough, she could be cajoled. Monet planted blue flowers under the trees in his tangled garden at Giverny, to make the shadows bluer.

Perfect Crust. The final result was the series of more than 200 paintings known as the *Waterlilies*. They resolve a problem that, before Monet, must have seemed self-contradictory: How can monumental art be made out of impermanence? It is surface about surface: horizontal sheets of water fixed in vast crusts of paint, then hung vertically on a wall. Apart from the lily pads themselves, there are no objects. Nor is there depth: we know how long a courtyard in a Renaissance painting is, but nobody could guess how far Monet's pool extends or how many feet of water lie in it. What happens on that surface is either ghostly (the reflected passage of a cloud) or abstract, the twining and piling of brush strokes. The *Waterlilies* are among the most challenging and aesthetically perfect paintings of the 20th century. Though they were almost ignored when the two rooms dedicated to them opened at the Orangerie in 1925, they have since become to modern art almost what the Sistine Chapel was to 16th century painting: an inexhaustible fount of style, a touchstone of pictorial seriousness.

■ Robert Hughes



PAINTER CLAUDE MONET AT AGE 73 IN HIS HOME IN GIVERNY
Whether he painted from nature was nobody's business.

week, is an event of real importance: the man has never been better represented in the U.S.

Monet wanted people to believe—and how successfully he made them believe it!—that he painted everything in the open air, in the flush and excitement of confronting his subjects. He would even speak of his two years' military service with the Algerian cavalry in 1860-61 as though they were nothing but art training: "You can't imagine how much I learned in this way, how well it trained my eye." In fact, as Art Historian Grace Seiberling points out in her excellent catalogue essay, Monet both cultivated and violated the myth of impressionism. From the garden scenes at Argenteuil in the 1870s, through the cliffs and seascapes of Etretat and Belle-

Yet each of the women is really his wife Camille in a different pose. Hence the picture's odd disunity: it is a composite, not a "scene." Besides, there are historical quotes: so intent was Monet on this modern *fête champêtre* that he turned the Camille in the beige dress with vertical buttons into a parody, conscious or not, of Watteau's clown Gilles.

Open Air. What closed this gap and enabled Monet to be the artist he became was his discovery of a kind of notation that transcended the "normal" processes of seeing. Decades of practice in the open air, fixing on the tiniest and most fugitive effects of light and color, gave his eye an immense confidence. As a young caricaturist in Le Havre, he met the seascape painter Eugene Boudin, he was 17, Boudin 34. "Three brush strokes



"Women in the Garden," 1866-67



"The Artist's Garden at Argenteuil," 1872

Two Haystacks," 1891



Learning Less

Are U.S. public school students learning less now than they did a decade or even a few years ago? According to the newly published results of three separate, national tests, the answer seems to be yes.

The strongest evidence for the decline in classroom learning comes from the annual Scholastic Aptitude Tests, which most college admissions offices use to judge applicants. SAT scores have been falling every year since 1962, and the new figures—based on last year's tests taken by 1 million high school students—show that the trend is continuing (TIME, Dec. 31, 1973). Over the past twelve years the average score has dropped from 478 to 440 on the verbal test and from 502 to 478 on the mathematics test. Highest possible score: 800.

A Real Drop. After analyzing the latest results, Sam McCandless, director of admissions testing for the College Entrance Examination Board, says the decline is "real." He insists that previous rationalizations—lower scores might be caused by technical changes in the SATs or by greater numbers of poor and minority students taking the tests—do not hold up. The reason for the drop, says McCandless: a decline in students' "developed reasoning ability."

Some educators place much of the blame on television, says Stanford Admissions Dean Fred Hargadon: "This is the generation of students affected most by the media revolution." But at least some of the responsibility for the lower scores must be placed on the schools themselves. "There is no question that there is less emphasis on language skills in elementary and secondary schools," says Princeton Admissions Director Timothy Callard. "The emphasis is on students expressing themselves freely at the expense of rigorous work. And this shows up on SAT scores."

Helping to confirm the general downward trend in learning, the National Assessment of Educational Progress—a federally funded testing organization—reported last week that students knew less about science in 1973 than they did three years earlier. The test, which covered 90,000 students in elementary and junior and senior high schools in all parts of the nation, showed the sharpest decline among 17-year-olds in large cities, although suburban students' test scores fell too.

The results of the third study, sponsored by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare and announced last week, showed that public school students' reading levels have been falling since the mid-1960s. Whatever the cause, it is clear from all three studies that the cure lies in the classroom.



STUDENT (LEFT) USING DRILL IN "SELF-CONFIDENT HOME MECHANIC" COURSE

Womanschool

The curriculum is unpretentious but practical. It includes courses on such subjects as how to fix a faucet, prepare a tax return or get a better job. The teachers seem eminently well qualified. Heidi Fiske, vice president of Institutional Investors Systems, presides over a course entitled "How to Leverage Your Talents into Working for Yourself or Starting Your Own Small Business"; Lynn Caine, who wrote the best-selling autobiographical *Widow*, teaches "The Widow." All this and more is available at Womanschool, a newly opened institution designed to teach women how to cope in a male-dominated society.

Established in classrooms rented from Manhattan's tony Finch College, Womanschool is the invention of petite, intense Elaine First Sharpe, 38, an assistant professor of English at coeducational Jersey City State College. After eleven years at Jersey, Sharpe decided that many women lack self-confidence. "They don't like themselves," she says. "What they need to boost their self-esteem, she feels, is to learn more skills. With her husband Donald, 40, an associate law professor at Fordham, she took a small ad in the New York Times last year to recruit female teachers for an informal school that would "offer women options." They had planned to hold classes in friends' living rooms, but when the ad drew more than 400 enthusiastic responses, the Sharpes realized that they had to raise their sights and promptly began making plans for a

larger institution. Womanschool now has 24 courses, 30 faculty members, and an overflow enrollment of 500 students.

One of the most popular courses is "The Self-Confident Home Mechanic," designed to teach students how to repair light switches, creak pipes and fix appliances. One student, Blossom Gottlieb, 26, is taking the course so she and her husband can renovate their hot-dog stand in the seashore community of Cape May, N.J. Her mother-in-law Virginia, 60, is also enrolled because she rents out two summer cottages there. "It's impossible to get a plumber on July 4," she explains, "and the toilets are always stopped up on holidays." Another student, Pat Ortiz, enrolled because she has knocked seven holes in her bedroom wall trying to put up shelves. "I'm all thumbs, and my husband is all feet," she says. In the next classroom, about 50 women taking "Mastering the Art of Investing" are studying the intricacies of Treasury notes, municipal bonds and mutual funds. In "Being and Becoming Single," a class of 15 women talk about living by themselves. Teacher Betty Kronsky, a therapist, has handed out assigned reading "because I want them to take away something concrete."

Not Accredited. Womanschool is nonprofit and not accredited. Tuition is \$60 for the ten-week courses, and as low as \$25 for a six-session lecture series. So far the Sharpes have met the original costs of about \$7,000 out of their own pockets. Says Sharpe: "I haven't bought clothes for my daughter for a year." They are applying to foundations and the Federal Government for help.

MONEY

Adding Up the Bill from OPEC Oil

Ever since the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries quintupled the price of oil, economists and bankers have expected the U.S. balance of payments deficit to grow steadily worse. And it has. Higher petroleum prices have drained increasingly large sums from the U.S. and produced ever bigger payments deficits since early last year. All the same, last week's report of a record deficit in the final quarter of 1974 was a shocker. It dramatized the extent of the financial hemorrhaging that has hit the U.S. since OPEC boosted prices.

The \$5.87 billion fourth-quarter deficit, which was more than 50% higher than the third-quarter shortfall, brought to \$10.58 billion the total gap for all of 1974.* There were several reasons: U.S. direct investment abroad rose because

*This "basic" payments deficit—the most closely watched indicator of international payment trends—reflects most trade and investment but excludes very short-term flows of "hot money."

restrictions on them were dropped, and foreign purchases of U.S. stocks fell because of the bear market. But, worst of all, the Commerce Department's statistics underscored the fact that the nation's bill for petroleum imports soared by \$18 billion last year. This more than offset exports of soybeans, jet planes, computers and myriad other products, and led to a merchandise trade deficit of \$5.88 billion.

Irk Some Dilemma. The huge shortfall was aggravated by the global recession, which slowed the growth of world trade. Some economists argue that the numbers are no cause for alarm, contending that the U.S. will attract more foreign capital when its economy perks up. Nonetheless, the nagging, \$10-per-bbl. question remains: How fast can an economy recover when it is forced to send abroad a large share of its income to pay its oil bills?

For U.S. policymakers, the pay-

ments deficit pointed up one especially irksome aspect of this dilemma. Low interest rates—along with a bigger money supply and a tax cut—are needed to spur business and consumer spending and help put the jobless back to work. Yet the same low rates that speed recovery also drive money out of the country, aggravating the payments deficit and eroding confidence in the dollar. In large part because interest rates in the U.S. are lower than in Europe, the dollar lately has been depressed on world markets, and it remains undervalued. Observed Salomon Bros.' Henry Kaufman, a leading Wall Street economist: "If the dollar continues to weaken, we may be forced to reintroduce currency restrictions such as the Interest Equalization Tax, or perhaps some other measures."

There are unmistakable signs that, confronted with a hard choice, the U.S. is opting to stimulate the domestic econ-

RECESSION NOTES

Some of last week's visible and all too human consequences of slumping business and soaring prices:

Deadbeats. BankAmericard and Master Charge report that the number of delinquent accounts has risen to more than 5% of their membership totals, up almost a percentage point from a year ago. Thus member banks are reviewing applications more closely before issuing cards and making more use of bounty hunters to collect delinquent accounts. The number of deadbeats that the National Credit Card-Recovery Bureau is looking for has jumped 60% in the past six months. Says President Joseph C. Stewart Jr.: "Some accounts are \$15,000 in arrears, and they are driving us wild trying to catch them."

Dog Days. The recession is changing preferences in pets. Registration of pedigreed dogs has dropped off from last year. Jeanne Tanenbaum, an executive of the Humane Society of New York, reports that more owners of large dogs are giving them over to pounds, or simply turning them loose because they cost too much to feed. Fortunately, adoptions of dogs and cats at pounds

are running well ahead of last year. Mutt, of course, are cheaper than pedigree pets.

Minnesota Shuttle. In the sprawling Minneapolis-St. Paul area, two major companies that are not conveniently served by mass transit have found a way to spare their employees the high cost of driving to work—and save the nation some gasoline. The firms have started their own bus services, using twelve-passenger minivans that usually go right to each worker's doorstep. General Mills, Inc. has bought 13 of the vans, carrying some 150 workers daily, while 3M Co. has 65 vans that haul some 700 peo-

ple. Regular workers moonlight as part-time chauffeurs; they get free rides, collect whatever profits remain after expenses are met and can use the vans during off hours. Generally they earn about \$8.50 for 7½ hours' driving per week. The riders pay roughly 2.5¢ per mile, which is so much cheaper than operating an auto that some estimate annual savings at \$1,000 and more.

Burning Issue. Arson often increases during economic slumps, but insurance men say that the problem has never been as bad as it is now. The Fireman's Fund, a San Francisco-based insurer, reports that about 20% of the fires in stores and



COMPANY BUS IN
TWIN CITY AREA



BETSYL PROFFER, MINNEAPOLIS

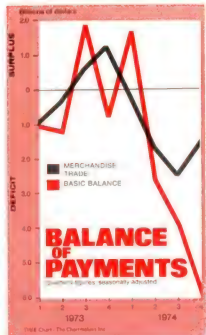
omy, by reducing interest rates, instead of protecting the dollar in foreign money markets. New figures confirm that the money supply is being substantially expanded. Few bankers and economists are ready to predict that Federal Reserve policy will shift any time soon toward stiffer interest rates, even though the Fed views the dollar's weakness as an important constraint on U.S. monetary policy.

Competing for Cash. A growing number of corporations are betting, however, that interest rates may decline very little further. Corporate borrowers rushed to Wall Street in March with nearly \$5 billion in bond offerings, a record for a single month. Last week, in history's largest fixed-income offering by a manufacturer, General Motors managed to raise almost \$600 million. It did so even though the U.S. Treasury was also floating \$1.25 billion of its own bonds, which caused furious bidding, broad fluctuations in prices and many worries over whether all the money could be raised. The turbulent week in the bond market seemed a portent of further wild trading in the months ahead, when industry will be

competing with Government for available funds.

The 1974 payments deficit, too, pointed up the need for cooperation among oil-consuming nations in finding ways to loosen OPEC's stranglehold on their economies. On that score, there was reason for hope last week. Meeting in Paris to lay the groundwork for preliminary talks with the petroleum-producing states, the International Energy Agency, a group of 18 of the largest oil-importing nations, agreed on a plan to safeguard investments in alternative energy sources. One of its main features: a minimum price, of still undetermined size, for oil imports.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had insisted on such an agreement before the U.S. would participate in a summit meeting between oil producers and oil consumers. At week's end it seemed certain that the U.S. would decide to join in preliminary negotiations with OPEC in Paris on April 7, with the aim of stabilizing and eventually reducing the price of oil. Those negotiations will go a long way toward determining how—and how much—the U.S. can hope to cut its oil-payments deficit.



other commercial establishments are believed to be set by desperate proprietors. In normal times, only 5% of the commercial fires are suspicious. There has also been a surge in fires in mobile homes as more and more owners fall behind in their installment payments.

Old Muse. Several cities are raising the curtain on a modern form of the Federal Theater Project, which at its height under the WPA in the 1930s employed 12,000 out-of-work actors, directors, playwrights and other stage artists, including Clifford Odets, Orson Welles, Harold Clurman and Elia Kazan. The present efforts are also federally

financed, under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act. In Los Angeles, 71 unemployed artists will be organized into acting, dancing and puppeteering troupes, which will tour the city's parks, schools and centers for the aged. In San Francisco, 113 jobs have been created for actors, dancers and painters. The Seattle Arts Commission will provide 60 part-time jobs, including one for a sculptor, and another for a film maker to document the city's history.

Less Goodwill. Through the Salvation Army and Goodwill Industries of America, the employed majority can help the unemployed minority by donating old clothes, furniture and appliances. It might seem that during hard times the generosity of the gratefully still-at-work would increase, but lately donations have dropped sharply. Says Tom Brenker, a Goodwill executive in New York City: "People are more careful. What they used last year can help them keep going a while longer." In Cleveland, Robert B. Aylsworth, a Goodwill officer, notes: "Our collections are down 50% since last September, and our stores are running out of merchandise." As a result, 100 employees of that city's Goodwill Industries—most of whom are physically handicapped—have been cut

back from five-day to four-day working weeks. Major Frederick Clarke of the Cleveland Salvation Army reports that donations are down 20%-25%.

Tougher Tax Audits. The recession will make taxes tougher to pay—and in Georgia, at least, harder to evade. Because revenues are falling short of projections, Governor George Busbee is holding the line on hiring new state employees, except for tax collectors. He has proposed adding up to 40 members to the state's tight-fisted tax-auditing staff of 250. Each new auditor will be expected to maintain the "capture ratio" of 12 to 1—that is, auditors now recover in delinquent taxes an amount equal to twelve times their own salaries.

Executive Aid. Directors of Celanese Corp., the fibers and petrochemicals giant, proposed to stockholders that the company lend its top officers some \$3.5 million at a rock-bottom 6% interest, with as many as ten years to repay. Reason: enticed by seemingly attractive stock options when Celanese shares cost as much as \$79.50, executives borrowed heavily to buy. With the stock now down to \$30.50, the executives are having great trouble renewing their bank loans. Celanese reported that the loans would be "part of our total executive compensation." The proposals will be voted on at the company's annual meeting April 9, and chances are that many shareholders may howl.



Simon: Lonely Voice, Less Influence

"History is littered with the wreckage of governments that could not deal adequately with inflation—and I will also suggest that history is littered with the wreckage of finance ministers who spoke the way I am speaking right now."

—Secretary of the Treasury
William Simon

The Cassandra tone typifies Simon's current role—and his questionable future in Government. Once supremely confident of his ability to deal with what he called the nation's "infinitely solvable" economic problems, he now sees himself as the sound-money "conscience" of the Government, repeating dire warnings that he knows few politicians want to hear. To a nation fright-

This line is seriously eroding Simon's influence in Congress. A year ago, when he was the nation's energy czar, even liberal Democrats viewed him as a pragmatic problem solver. Now many consider him a rigid conservative ideologue. Within the Administration, Simon's hard-driving ways and disregard of bureaucratic protocol have always made him more enemies than friends. In recent policy debates he has pushed his views too stridently, and his clout is visibly diminishing.

On economic and energy policy, President Ford listens more these days to other counselors: Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Energy Administrator Frank Zarb. Simon's role can only be further reduced by the arrival in Washington of Harvard Professor John T. Dunlop, who took over last week as Secretary of Labor. Dunlop, who will have a major voice in policy, leans far more to Government intervention in the economy than does Simon.

A few weeks ago, President Ford pointedly contradicted Simon on a significant issue. Simon had declared that Kissinger's proposal to put a floor under oil prices, so that developers of alternate energy sources could be sure that their prices would not be undercut, was not Administration policy. Ford then had Press Secretary Ron Nessen declare that it was indeed his policy. Since then, Simon's confidence, in his influence if not his beliefs, has seemed shaken. Once fiercely independent, he now takes care to go over proposed congressional testimony with White House aides. Many in the Administration doubt that Simon will still be around next January.

He had come in with a towering reputation that he acquired almost overnight. A millionaire Wall Street bond trader for the firm of Salomon Bros., Simon entered Government in December 1972 as Treasury's No. 2 man. At the height of the Arab oil embargo in December 1973, President Nixon named him to create the Federal Energy Office. Simon snapped out quick and crisp decisions on allocations, conservation measures and prices. There were some foul-ups, but Simon by sheer force of personality convinced Washington that someone had taken charge of what had been a confused energy policy.

As Secretary of the Treasury for the past eleven months, though, Simon has lacked the measured approach that the

job demands. He is a quick thinker with an impressive grasp of numbers, but some associates believe that he skims too lightly over issues. Says one colleague: "He tends to be emotional, a fighter. In debate he won't give an inch."

Simon's difficulties have been increased by some faulty predictions and policy misjudgments. He returned from a Middle East trip last summer predicting that an oil auction by Saudi Arabia would break petroleum prices: high Saudi officials had told Simon that those events would take place and he believed them. At home Simon preached "the oldtime religion" of tight money and budget cutting to fight inflation. Last summer he opposed any substantial easing of the Federal Reserve's strangling credit squeeze and listed for President Ford possible spending cuts totaling \$20 billion or more (Simon said they were intended for "illustrative purposes").

Simon's influence was obvious in Ford's October WIN program, which called for more than \$5 billion in spending cuts and a 5% tax increase for middle- and upper-income individuals. Even then the economy was sliding into deep recession, but Simon clung to the program. Shortly before the November elections he vowed that "we've just begun to fight" for the tax boost.

Love-Hate Affair. In retrospect, that was exactly the wrong program. An easing in monetary policy, a moderate tax cut and some loosening of spending last year might have prevented the recessionary tailspin from gathering momentum. Those measures might have averted the pressure for massive stimulus now and could have held down the budget deficit, which is ballooning largely because of falling tax revenues and rising spending for unemployment compensation and other income-support programs. When Ford reversed policy and advocated a \$16.5 billion net tax cut, Simon grudgingly went along, and he is now concentrating his efforts on containing the budgetary damage.

He deeply believes that Government should reduce its role in the economy. But to bring that about he advocates "a massive tax cut and a massive budget cut"—a foredoomed combination. "I think the direction our country is heading in is a very dangerous one, as regards our traditional system of Government, our economic system," he told *TIMI* Economic Correspondent John Berry. "Neither man nor Government can continue for a sustained period of time to spend more than he receives."

Simon's great fear is that recession fighters will yield to inflationary seduction. Says he: "We have a love-hate relationship with inflation. We hate inflation, but we love everything that causes it. We have always erred on the side of overstimulation." Reigniting inflation by pumping too much money into the economy, Simon warns, is not even sound anti-recession strategy: "It was the high rates of inflation that were a



TREASURY SECRETARY TESTIFYING LAST WEEK
The dangers of overstimulation.

ened by the deepest recession and highest unemployment since before Pearl Harbor, Simon insists that inflation is the greater long-run peril. To a Congress bent on cutting taxes and raising spending far more than the Administration wants, Simon endlessly preaches the dangers of overstimulation. His gloom seems excessive, but he is making some points worth heeding.

Advocating Slack. Last week, for example, Simon told Congress that its tax and spending policies will lead to a budget deficit of \$80 billion in the fiscal year that begins in July, v. the \$55.5 billion projected by the Office of Management and Budget. That is a real and worrisome possibility, but Simon's warning would carry more force if he had shown a keener and earlier appreciation of the need for vigorous action to pull the nation out of recession. Instead, Simon has insisted that "some margin of economic slack must remain for a period of years to ensure that inflation can be squeezed out gradually."

major factor in our recession today. It was the double-digit inflation that created the instability that drove our housing into the worst talsipin since the second World War. It was double-digit inflation that frightened and confused the consumer, that caused the erosion of real wages, that caused the sharp drop in consumer spending."

Though Simon's argument seems overstated, his warnings cannot be lightly dismissed. The economy probably both needs and can afford more stimulus than he wants, especially since inflation seems to be subsiding. But there really is a danger that Congress will take a "too much too late" approach to the recession and legislate permanent spending programs that will prove inflationary when recovery begins. In addition, Simon is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that runaway inflation eventually causes recession. If Congress ignores Cassandra Simon, it runs a risk of proving him at least partially right.

FARMS

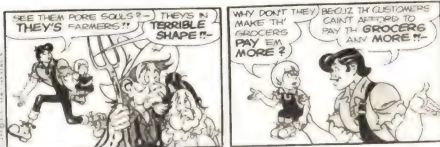
Away From Freedom

One of the few domestic economic accomplishments of the Nixon Administration was to maneuver through Congress a 1973 law that dismantled most of the creaky, and costly, machinery of farm price supports and acreage allotments. Farm prices have shot up in a relatively free market for most of the past two years. Now, however, some of those prices are declining again, bringing to consumers a taste of sorely needed relief in food prices (TIME, March 24). Unfortunately, this renewed demonstration that free prices go down as well as up has sparked a powerful movement in Congress to bring back the Government's heavy hand in agriculture.

Last week the House passed, 259 to 162, an "emergency" farm bill that is certain to clear the Senate. The bill would

- 1) Raise "target prices" of basic commodities. If market prices fall below the targets, the Government will send the farmer a check for the difference. The targets since 1973 have replaced the old-style support prices, under which the Government actually bought up the commodities and stockpiled them. The new target price would be increased as follows: on wheat from \$2.05 per bu. to \$3.10; on corn from \$1.38 per bu. to \$2.25; on cotton from 38¢ per lb. to 45¢.
- 2) Increase the support price for milk, one of the few products still under old-fashioned supports, from 75¢ to 80¢ of so-called parity.

- 3) Boost the amount of the loans that the Government can make to wheat, corn and cotton raisers who hold their crops off the market while waiting for higher prices and extend the term of the loans to 18 months from the present twelve.



EVEN L'L ABNER THIS WEEK SHOWS SYMPATHY FOR THE FARMER

That may be only the start of congressional efforts to aid the farmer at the expense of other consumers and taxpayers. Says New York Republican Peter Peyer: "I think there have also been some commitments made on rice and peanuts. The next thing that is going to come up is some direct subsidies for the cattle producer."

The increase in milk supports would raise consumer prices by 6¢ per gal. on milk and 15¢ per lb. on butter, the Department of Agriculture estimates. The rise in target prices on cotton would immediately start Government payments flowing to farmers because the new target price would be above the present market level of about 40¢ per lb. The rise could also cause some farmers who had been diverting land from cotton to soybeans to switch back again, thereby shrinking soybean supplies and possibly raising prices of the beans and also of cattle and hogs that are fed on them.

Don Paarlberg, chief economist of the Department of Agriculture, figures that the bill would raise retail food costs this year by anywhere from \$500 million to \$1.2 billion. By the 1977-78 crop year, he estimates, extra payments to farmers under the new bill could cost the taxpayers as much as \$7 billion.

Supporters claim that the bill is necessary to keep farmers from suffering losses because their production costs are rising while market prices are dropping. But there are huge holes in this logic. First, it is questionable whether the Gov-

ernment has an obligation to ensure farmers—or any group in society—against losing money. Second, the farmers are doing well. Their net income rocketed from \$17.5 billion in 1972 to \$32 billion in 1973. It fell back to \$27 billion last year, but the situation hardly seems an emergency. In farm families the disposable personal income per capita last year was \$4,577, almost exactly as much as for nonfarm families. Live-stock raisers, it is true, are hurting—but that is because prices of soybeans and other feeds are high.

Political Skill. The House passage of the bill illustrates the political skill of the farm bloc. Many liberal urban Democrats were won over by farm-bloc promises of votes for measures that the city Democrats want, including food stamps for striking workers. The urban representatives were also persuaded by an argument that a heavy Democratic vote for the bill would pull rural voters away from the Republican Party and reforge the old Roosevelt coalition of farmers and city workers.

Even so, the bill did not win enough votes to override a presidential veto, which Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz said he will recommend. Butz usually supports any measure that will raise farmers' income, whatever it might do to other consumers, but he argues forcefully that the "emergency" bill would take farmers a long way back toward working for a Government check rather than for the consumer market.

FEEDING CHOPPED-CORN SILAGE TO BEEF CATTLE NEAR TOPEKA, KANS.



OIL

Cough Up, Comrades

Hungary's Communist Chief János Kádár had just begun the keynote speech at the party congress in Budapest last week when he turned to the guest of honor and expressed his "sincere thanks" for the Soviet Union's "readiness to help" Hungary in its serious economic plight. It was an ironic gesture. Kádár was expressing gratitude to Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev for extending a loan of perhaps \$40 million that Hungary urgently needs—to meet the newly increased price of Soviet oil and gas.

Bargain's End. Like the other Eastern European members of Comecon,* Hungary is reeling under the impact of the sudden 130% rise. Except for Rumania, which has its own oilfields, the Eastern bloc depends almost entirely on Soviet energy supplies, and it had been getting a bargain. Though the world price of oil quintupled to more than \$10 per bbl., the Soviet Union continued to sell to its allies at \$3 per bbl. Since Comecon prices are adjusted only once every five years, Eastern European leaders believed they would enjoy that deal, at least until 1976.

They were wrong. In raising the per-barrel price to \$6.90 in January, the Soviets placed self-interest above one of Communism's cherished tenets: social priorities, not market forces, should determine prices. Though the Soviet Union is the world's leading oil producer (averaging 9 million bbl. per day last year, v. 8.5 million for Saudi Arabia), domestic and Eastern European demand will outstrip output by 1980. The Soviet Union and its Comecon partners are already importing small quantities of high-priced Middle Eastern oil, mainly from Iraq, Iran and Libya. Hence the Soviets are in a rush to develop new Siberian fields. They must invest lavishly in expensive Western equipment and drill in a remote region where operating costs will be high.

*Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland and Rumania

The Eastern Europeans are being forced to foot part of the bill. They will pay \$3.3 billion for Soviet gas and oil this year compared with \$1.2 billion in 1973. Furthermore, prices of oil and other key Soviet export commodities (non-ferrous metals, iron, cotton) will now be reviewed each year and will be brought in line with world prices, perhaps by 1978. That will hurt Rumania too.

The Communist leaders are painfully aware of the possible consequences of the price increases. Of the five uprisings that have shaken Eastern Europe since 1953, three stemmed directly from unpopular economic measures. Once again, Eastern European workers will be asked to make sacrifices. The increased fuel costs are bound to retard the growth of Eastern Europe's fertilizer, petrochemical and synthetic textile industries, and limit supplies of some consumer goods. Those goods will have to be sold to the Soviet Union to raise rubles, but Moscow is insisting on terms of trade that are likely to anger Eastern Europeans. Though the Soviets have more than doubled the fuel bill, they are offering to pay only 25% more for Eastern European imports, which cover a wide range of products, from industrial machinery to pantyhose.

RAILROADS

Wreck of the Rock Island

Oh, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road.

If you want to ride it, got to ride it like you find it.

Buy your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line

Popularized in a folk song made famous by Leadbelly, the once mighty Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has sold fewer tickets in recent years. In 1974 it lost \$23 million, largely as the result of higher payrolls and a 200% increase in fuel costs. It has tried to merge with the prosperous Union Pacific and has borrowed from its own employees. With much justice, it has lambasted the U.S.


Railway Association (a federal agency set up to restructure rail service in the Midwest and Northeast) for "intentional neglect" of its financial woes.

Last week, three days after the U.S. had snubbed its plea for a \$30 million emergency loan, the debt-ridden Rock Island Line became the first major railroad outside the Northeast since World War II to file for reorganization under the Federal Bankruptcy Act. Rescue operations began almost immediately. To avoid stranding 13,000 commuters, Chicago's Regional Transportation Authority promised to take over service in and out of the city. Meanwhile, the Interstate Commerce Commission summoned representatives from 60 railroads to Washington and indicated that it will dismember the 7,500-mile road. The ICC will parcel out some segments to other Western lines, and abandon the remainder of the Rock Island.

Worst Loss. As a result, several roads operating between Chicago, the Rockies and Texas clearly stand to gain from the bankruptcy. But there will be losers, too, including hundreds of grain shippers and manufacturers who have been served exclusively by the Rock Island.

The wreck of the Rock Island is just the latest sign of growing trouble on the U.S. rails and the failure of the Government to produce a rational rail policy for the nation. An ICC staff estimate predicts that the industry's first-quarter loss will be "worse than has ever before occurred, even during the Great Depression of the 1930s." No fewer than eight Northeast roads are in bankruptcy. And the Department of Transportation's new Secretary, William Coleman Jr., cautions: "It would be foolish simply to subsidize the rails. I think 20% of the nation's rail trackage ought to be abandoned."

DINING-SERVICE BROADSIDE IN EARLY 1960s



Meals will be served in Dining Car on this Line as follows:

GOING WEST
 DINNER - - from 12 to 3 P. M.
 SUPPER - - from 6 to 2 P. M.

GOING EAST
 BREAKFAST from 7:30 to 9 A. M.
 DINNER - - from 12 to 2 P. M.

All Regular Meals, 75c.

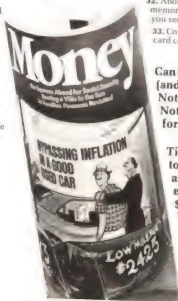
COMMUTERS LEAVING ROCK ISLAND TRAIN AT JOLIET, ILL.



THE 50 BEST MONEY IDEAS OF THE YEAR:

(All items on this page are from recent and forthcoming issues of Money magazine.)

1. Lop 14% off your food bill the very next time you market.
2. Save as much as 95% (it's easy) on stock commissions.
3. How to find a reputable tax preparer, and what to pay him.
4. Low-interest college loans for people who thought they earned too much to qualify.
5. A tennis court you can build yourself for \$1,000!
6. Business charges you for these services—but you can get them free from the government.
7. Are your real estate taxes too high? How to tell, what to do about it.
8. Your child's orthodontia work—for 1/3 less.
9. Is your doctor overcharging? How to find out, what to do.
10. Fine men's clothing for 50% less: places, prices and quality checks.
11. How to get the best deal on interest charges when financing a new car.
12. How to negotiate your insurance claim to get the most you can.
13. What happens to uninsured savings in a bank that folds?
14. The new family budget rules for a time of inflation.
15. Scholarships and fellowships many graduate students don't know about.
16. Understanding gold.
17. What expenses you can—and should—control when you hire a caterer.
18. How small investors can take advantage of extra-high interest rates usually available only to millionaires.
19. Surprise! You may be denying yourself too much now—by saving too much for your retirement. How to tell.
20. Some inexpensive watches you can take seriously.
21. Non-profit services that give you credit counseling.
22. How eliminating a tiresome chore can save you important money on both heating and air conditioning.
23. That Stock Advisory Service you've been using—its results compared to the ones you haven't been using.
24. Setting up a tax-deductible office in your home.
25. Use it! You didn't know you had to get an "impossible" mortgage.
26. Fake antiques.
27. What are today's careers with a future?
28. Are you a professional who should incorporate himself?
29. Help for car owners stuck with a lemon.
30. Questionable fund-raisers.
31. Frauds in preschool learning devices.
32. About those commemorative medallions you see advertised.
33. Coping with credit card computers.
34. Dealing with furniture defects and delivery delays.
35. Good colleges for less money.
36. Protection against nursing-home costs.
37. Hospital plans for the self-employed.
38. What you should know about the differences between Series E and Series H government bonds.
39. Understanding stock options: the booming new market for small investors.
40. One of the most exotic vacations in the world—and the budget is modest.
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Drang nach Osten

HERZL

by AMOS ELON

448 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
\$15.

His contemporaries labeled him "a political Jules Verne." The term was pejorative; Verne, after all, was producing outlandish fictions about lunar voyages and undersea exploration. Theodor Herzl was even more absurd. He helped create Zionism and predicted the return of the Jews to their homeland. Yet the comparison with Verne was more than superficial. Both men began as romantic visionaries who sought careers in law, then in the theater, then in literature. Verne went on to science fiction; Herzl went on to Palestine. That bizarre journey has all the qualities of *fin-de-siècle* romance. It might have been told as a novel, a pageant—even as psychohistory. Instead, Israeli Journalist Amos Elon has chosen a method of slow accretion, scrupulously piling up dates and incidents, scarcely daring to speculate or interpret. The style is out of keeping with its subject. But Herzl is too powerful, too messianic to be quelled by mere facts. On the manuscript, the man is his own illumination.

The easy correspondence between stage and life was never better illus-

trated than in this failed Hungarian playwright who dreamed of moving characters around on an international stage. Pushed by adoring and wealthy parents, he first affected the manner of an *élegant*, contributing *feuilletons* to the European press and plays to the Viennese public. Vienna circa 1890 was his home, at a time when that capital seemed the confluence of all that was worldly and intoxicating. It was also, according to Elon, a *Versuchsstation der Weltunterganges* (proving ground of world destruction).

For much of his life Herzl was strangely numb to evidences of anti-Semitism. The Zionist notion was merely an unworked plot until the Dreyfus trial. Then, as Paris correspondent for a Viennese paper, Herzl suddenly saw that the defendant was emblematic of his people. Captain Dreyfus might assume the insignia, the language, the official role, but in the end he would be betrayed and reviled. *Dreyfusards* marched in an honorable cause, wrote the young Herzl, but one "which—let us not delude ourselves—is a lost one."

Feral Magnetism. As the Frenchman descended from hero to convict, the Hungarian rose from dilettante to provocateur. Herzl did not invent the idea of a Jewish state—the appeal of Return to Jerusalem is, after all, as ancient as the Diaspora. But Herzl alone took it from vision to plan to practicality. On the way he assumed the countenance and the stature of a prophet, sweeping all objections from his path. A feral magnetism began to animate his face and conversation. Philosopher Martin Buber was later to recall him as "a statue without error or mistake, a countenance lit with the glance of the Messiah." Freud claimed that he had seen Herzl in a dream before they met. Others were less impressed. The Emperor Franz Josef, proud of his nation's liberal airs, fumed "What would have become of this ungrateful Herzl had there not been equality of rights for Jews?" Bismarck considered Zionism no more than "melancholy reveries." Even the Rothschilds saw Herzl as a crank and refused him funds.

These were mere irritations to Herzl. "A light fog is mounting around me," he noted in his diary, "which could become the cloud in which I walk." Yet, if his head was in the stratosphere, his feet remained on the boulevard. Mixing altruism and chutzpah, he gathered votaries wherever he spoke, and he spoke everywhere. His message was always the same: Jews will never be safe until they have a homeland of their own. By 1902 he had pledged of 3 million francs. He grandly talked of purchasing territory in Cyprus, even Uganda. But

Israel remained his true destination. It was an idea more than a place. Elon's index includes the category "Arab situation (Palestine), Herzl's ignorance of." Yet his instincts were empathetic. When a great Arab landowner offered to sell a huge tract, Herzl was reluctant to buy. "We cannot displace these poor fellows," he explained.

Burned Out. In *Herzl*, the central figure moves through Europe and the Middle East like a Jewish Napoleon, rallying the poor, converting the rich, negotiating with sultans, papal nuncios and Cabinet ministers. Yet the great adventure, in the book as in life, ends before the goal is reached. Herzl died in 1904, burned out by the age of 44. It was literally in the middle of the journey. He had aroused the Jews of Eastern Europe—including a ten-year-old named David Ben-Gurion. Slowly they began the trek to Ottoman-controlled Palestine. The new Exodus was under way. Still, Britain's Balfour Declaration, promising land to the Jews, was 14 years away. Israel would not be founded for another 44 years.

The volatile, self-inflated character remains as elusive on the last page as on the first. Terminal questions linger: Did conditions create the man, or did he create events? Was he a gifted charlatan, or Moses redivivus? It is only certain that he appeared and disappeared as if on ce-



HERZL IN PALESTINE, 1898

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BOOKS

lestial cue, leaving his work to more stable founders and builders. Unhappily, as this biography reluctantly demonstrates, the man was all too human—a naïf, a hack and a monomaniac. Probably a touch of madness ran in his blood, two of his three children were suicides, so was his only grandchild. But he did have the inexplicable gift of prophecy. In the operetta that was old Europe, he looked through the gift backdrop and saw the flames of the Holocaust. In life and in history, his fearful vision has been repeatedly vindicated by the behavior of others. If that remains the best that can be said of Herzl, what worse can be said of the world?

■ Stefan Kanfer

Sisyphus at Bay

A SEASON IN HELL

by PERCY KNAUTH

111 pages. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

Whether they call it the blues, a case of the hoo-ha's or "free-floating angst," nearly everyone has wrestled with depression. Cures are various, and likely to be temporary: a cold shower, a new hat, pills, a chat with a doctor or a friend, or simply repeating to oneself that "tomorrow is another day." Many people push a burden of inexplicable sadness through half a lifetime like Sisyphus with his famous stone, and try to believe that they are happy just the same. But when Author Percy Knauth fell into a depression, none of these things worked.

Knauth is a veteran correspondent, editor and writer (the *New York Times*, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*). Returning from Europe a few years ago, he seemed, at 57, to be sitting on top of the world; he had a wife, a young family and a bright-

PERCY KNAUTH



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looking future as a freelancer on a series of long-term projects. Yet he kept awakening (if he managed to sleep at all) with a sense of impending doom. All day nameless dread dogged him so closely that he could not work. Finally, his anguish became so acute that he decided to kill himself. So relieved was he by suicide's promise of deliverance that he broke down and wept, waking his sleeping wife, who learned for the first time how close to the edge he had gone and who helped start him on the road to recovery.

This book is a brief account of what happened before and after that moment. It suffers slightly from overwriting. But Knauth can be forgiven his occasional excesses because he confronts accurately and candidly a highly personal sickness that is too little understood, and writes informatively about its treatment. Word for word, *A Season in Hell* is one of the best—and most encouraging—books on mental illness yet written.

Acute or clinical depression, which is characterized by dejection, fearfulness and, as the medical dictionaries phrase it, "an absence of hope," differs from garden-variety glumness as, say, double pneumonia differs from sniffles. It is not a new ailment; doctors have known about it for centuries. But medicine has only recently learned how to treat it. Merely telling a patient that his fears are groundless does no good at all. Conventional psychoanalysis is equally ineffective in most cases; Knauth visited a Freudian therapist for six months without exorcising any of his personal demons.

Chemical imbalance. A new class of drugs does seem to help. Doctors, as Knauth reports, have found that many depressed people have abnormally low levels of certain brain chemicals. Whether this imbalance is a cause of depression or one of its effects remains to be determined. What is known is that it can be corrected in some cases with drugs known as MAO inhibitors, which affect brain chemistry, not the progress of the People's Revolution in China. Two weeks after he started taking MAO inhibitors, Knauth was able to function again. He took up his old editorial projects, wrote this book and became a crusader for the National Mental Health Association.

Despite earnest *post hoc* attempts at self-analysis (including a painful probe of his failed first marriage) Knauth still cannot say for sure what originally caused his descent into depression. Nor can he claim to be cured; just as a diabetic takes insulin, Knauth may have to take his medicine for melancholia for the rest of his life. The prospect does not seem to bother him. Unlike many victims of depression, who do succeed in killing themselves, Knauth has survived. And, as *A Season in Hell* dramatically demonstrates, he has used his own experience to encourage others to survive too.

• Peter Stoler



THURBER BY THURBER

Bibliography

THURBER

by BURTON BERNSTEIN

532 pages. Dodd, Mead, \$15.

To some extent a great man can control his autobiographer. With biographers he must trust to luck, and James Thurber has not been lucky. A couple of years ago, an academician named Charles Holmes produced a solemn literary biography called *The Clocks of Columbus*, in which he discerned, for instance, three levels of language in the 2,500 words of *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*. Now comes *New Yorker* Writer Burton Bernstein with a drink-by-drink analysis, or bibulography, of the humorist's sometimes agonizing life.

Holmes' book was merely plonking and dull, and thus ludicrously inappropriate; Bernstein's is plonking and offensive. What offends is not the old news that Thurber had sexual problems, drank a lot and toward the end was often outrageously abusive at parties. That description fits half the writers listed in *Books in Print*. No adult should expect a humorist, or anyone else for that matter, to have a funny life.

What is unforgivable is that Thurber's life, which is his subject matter, has been smeared with tedium. It is little service to Thurber or the reader to print windy, dozen-page letters of no high literary quality when a few quoted phrases and a sentence of summary would have conveyed the nature of most of them. Bernstein prints them, almost without excision. Bernstein, moreover, is the kind of writer who tries for breeziness by referring, for instance, to New York City as "Gotham," to England as "Albion" and to Hollywood as "the fabled Tinseltown." He sees nothing wrong, either, with writing "his scrupulously guarded virginity, hidden for so long on that same lofty pedestal where American Womanhood dwelled, was surrendered to a semi-professional demimondaine, a Follies-Bergere dancer named Ninette, and

was continued with another." (What, exactly, was continued?)

Another lapse may or may not have its source in the fact that this is an authorized biography. The author's view of Thurber himself appears to strike a fair balance between necessary admiration and necessary candor. But Thurber's first wife Althea, a campus beauty at Ohio State during his years there, appears as an unpleasant caricature—by no coincidence closely resembling her ex-husband's caricature of the engulfing Thurber Woman. Second Wife Helen Thurber, who shared his life through his years of dimming eyesight and blindness (and who did the authorizing) is treated with warmth. Clearly she deserves it, but the disparity between the two portraits nevertheless smacks of the dreary side-taking that follows any suburban divorce.

For those who want to disassemble Thurber as an eight-year-old would a broken alarm clock, the gears and springs are all here: the bow-and-arrow accident that cost him one eye at



THURBER WOMAN AT HOME

Taking sides after a divorce?

the age of six, the loopy Columbus boyhood, the insuperable Midwestern chauvinism, the sexual shyness, the days as a code clerk at the U.S. embassy in Paris, the two dozen straight rejections by *The New Yorker*, the friendships with Playwright-Actor Elliot Nugent and E. B. White, the odd adversary relationship with *New Yorker* Editor Harold Ross.

By careful count, there is one good original line in this book: Thurber scribbled his marvelous drawings by the hundreds and, says Bernstein, "he gave them away like smiles." There is a good wisecrack by Hemingway: "Even when Thurber was writing under the name of Alice B. Toklas, we knew he had it in him." And there is a good anecdote not previously told: at one point after Thurber became blind, a *New Yorker* office boy was detailed to lead him to the apartment of a woman he was meeting on the sly, and then to dress him again when he was ready to leave. One day the office boy got Thurber's socks on wrong side out, and Helen Thurber noticed. The young man's name, Bernstein swears, was Truman Capote. ■ John Skow

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Doctors on Strike

Pickets are a common sight in New York City, but there was something different about the workers marching in front of 21 metropolitan hospitals last week: they were doctors. In the first major strike ever undertaken by American M.D.s, about 2,000 interns and residents took to the picket lines for four days to protest what they regarded as intolerable working conditions.

The strike against voluntary and municipal hospitals with a total capacity of 12,000 beds had been brewing for a long time. Since last fall, the Committee of Interns and Residents, with 3,000 members at the various hospitals, has been attempting to negotiate a new contract for its members. The problem of money was solved rather easily when the young doctors, who currently earn between \$13,500 and \$19,200 a year, agreed to drop their demands for an 11% increase in salary. They settled with the League of Voluntary Hospitals for an 8% hike instead.

Horror Stories. But neither side would budge on the issue of working schedules. The doctors objected to a halved hospital tradition: occasional work weeks of 100 hours or more, including tours of continuous duty that last for 36 hours or longer with only brief breaks for catnaps. As a result, they said, exhausted interns and residents sometimes make mistakes that could otherwise be avoided. Some of the striking interns and residents told horror stories of falling asleep on their feet during operations; one admitted that he had pulled out several stitches after dozing off while holding an incision open with retractors. To reduce the chances of hospital accidents, the C.I.R. asked for a

shorter week with a limit of 15 hours to a shift whenever possible.

The demand was turned down by the league, which argued that interns and residents were in reality receiving a postgraduate education. Thus their hours were not a matter for negotiation. Hospital officials and many older doctors who had gone through equally grueling initiations into medicine for much less money insisted that such schedules are necessary to train interns and residents and to guarantee continuity of care for the patient. Said Dr. S. David Pomrinse, director of Mount Sinai Hospital: "We try to train our doctors to watch the patient, not the clock."

Patients Unaffected. C.I.R. officials claim that it was the league's intransigence that forced them to act. "We got into the strike with tremendous remorse, reluctance and every intention to improve patient care," says Dr. Jay Dobkin, 28, chairman of the doctors' negotiating committee.

In fact, the dispute, which was settled before week's end, had little effect on patient care. Only 46 out of a total of 350 doctors walked out at Metropolitan Hospital, most New York University Hospital interns and residents refused to join the strike. Many of the struck hospitals were able to maintain their normal capacity by pressing senior physicians into service. Even the strikers helped; they frequently slipped off picket lines to care for their patients.

Under the settlement that ended the walkout, the hospitals agreed to form committees of interns, residents and physician members of their medical executive boards to work out separate agreements on work hours and patient care tailored to meet each institution's

financial and medical needs. The hospitals also agreed to a C.I.R. demand that no intern or resident be required to work more than one out of every three nights, a practice most of these institutions now follow anyway.

The effects of the strike are likely to be felt far beyond New York. The American Medical Association, which has had trouble attracting younger physicians, endorsed the strikers' demands for shorter shifts. The organization's action can only encourage other interns and residents to make similar demands on hospitals across the nation.



STRIKING PHYSICIANS ON PICKET LINE

An Intern on Duty: The Longest Day

What is it like to work a 36-hour shift? That is precisely how long Dr. Edward Condon, 28, was on a virtually continuous duty recently at New York City's 970-bed Elmhurst Hospital as part of his internship. The log of his prolonged "day":

Assigned to a ward that was designed for 40 patients but is sometimes crowded with 50 or more, Condon reported for duty at 8 a.m. He immediately began taking blood samples from patients, then at 9 a.m. broke off to accompany a resident as he stopped at patients' bedside. At 11:30 he wolfed down a sandwich and spent the rest of his lunch hour in the library reviewing patients' records to prepare himself for teaching rounds, when he would tour the ward with an attending physician. From

4 p.m., when the tour ended, until dinner time, Condon continued his morning routine.

Condon had planned to share the overnight duty with another intern, covering the ward from 6 p.m. to midnight while his colleague slept, then catching a few hours' sleep himself while his partner watched the ward. But at 7 p.m. the hospital admitted a heart-attack victim, and Condon's plans quickly changed. While the other intern took over the ward, Condon and the resident administered powerful drugs and oxygen to the patient. When he failed to respond, they inserted a tube in his windpipe to assist his breathing. In an effort to ease the burden on the patient's heart and lungs, they drew off some of his blood and then infused only the red cells back to him

over a period of several hours. Condon stayed with the patient until his condition stabilized at 7 a.m. then tried unsuccessfully to catch a catnap on a stretcher. At 8 a.m., after a three-minute breakfast of toast and coffee, he was back in the ward starting another day.

At 6 that evening, as Condon prepared to leave for home, he learned that despite the intensive care, his heart-attack patient had died. The intern then had to call the patient's family, notify them of the death and ask permission to perform an autopsy.

Condon admits that such hectic shifts are not routine, but feels that for him they occur too often. He believes that tired physicians may overlook things in their examinations and "minimize the symptoms." He argues that, while fatigue is bad for a physician, it is even worse for his patient.

Fight Over Fetuses

When the U.S. Supreme Court legalized abortion in 1973, it settled some issues but stirred up others. One of the most emotion-laden is the morality of medical research on the vastly increased number of fetuses that might be considered available for experimentation because they are going to be aborted. Last year Congress joined the debate and temporarily banned H.E.W. from funding experiments that are not intended to be of benefit to the living fetus before or after abortion. Congress also asked the newly established National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects to set rules for research.

In order to do so, the commission asked for testimony from anti-abortion activists, lawyers, experts in medical morality and medical researchers. The Battelle Memorial Institute of Columbus, Ohio, a science research center, reported to the commission that tens of thousands of lives have been saved and countless future birth defects prevented by fetal research that would have been impossible under the present ban. By using live fetuses, important medical advances were made in developing German measles and Rh vaccines and in studying infant breathing problems and amniotic fluids.* At base the commission faces a classic conflict. On one hand, scientists argue that experiments that benefit countless future children must not be prohibited. On the other, many ethicists insist that benefits or no, living fetuses must be protected.

It is "indisputable" that the fetus, though dependent on the mother, is a separate organism, argued Leon Kass, a physician and professor of "bioethics" at Georgetown University. The fetus is also "human," at least in being "of human origin and in the process of becoming a human being—if nothing interferes." Paul Ramsey, professor of religion at Princeton University, says in his new book, *The Ethics of Fetal Research* (Yale University Press, \$2.95), that the fetus is "live enough not to be dead, not yet mature enough to be an infant, yet a human being enough to deserve protection."

Because of such reasoning, six of the

testifying ethicists would rule out virtually all experiments that might harm a fetus, even if it is to be aborted. Ramsey drew an analogy with medical tradition that forbids risk to children and to persons who are condemned to death irreversibly dying or unconscious.

Bizarre Scenario. Sissela Bok, a lecturer on medical ethics at Harvard and M.I.T., and wife of Harvard President Derek Bok, is concerned about the "brutalization" of scientists and of society unless some research is banned on fetuses that might be viable (that is, able to live outside the womb). At what point fetuses become viable is, of course, a subject under hot dispute. Federal guidelines proposed in 1971 limited experi-

ments to those that would have mothers trafficking in fetuses for research use. He believes women might one day be able to perform abortions on themselves, thus creating a shortage of fetuses, and some might "become pregnant purely and simply for research purposes."

Taking all this into consideration, the commission must decide by May 1 what federal controls on fetal experiments are needed and how to apply them. Arthur Dyck of the Harvard Divinity School offered the commission a practical solution: the committee that reviews experiments in each hospital should include those who consider the fetus a "person" worthy of protection as well as those who do not.



16-WEEK FETUS IN AMNIOTIC SAC
"Live enough not to be dead."

ments to fetuses less than 500 grams in weight (one fetus that weighed only 395 grams has survived outside the womb).

Of the ethicists, only Episcopal Clergyman Joseph Fletcher of *Situation Ethics* fame justified unlimited experimentation on fetuses that face abortion, if the mother gives her consent. The traditional requirement of "informed consent" for experiments is a thorny one when the subject is a fetus. Ramsey, as well as Georgetown's Father Richard McCormick and Rabbi Seymour Siegel of Jewish Theological Seminary, pointed out that parents have been allowed to give consent for treatment of a child because they have the child's interests at heart. The consent of mothers who plan to have abortions is morally questionable.

Kass sketched a bizarre scenario

The Uncatechism

To generations of Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists, a catechism was a manual of questions and answers on doctrine that youngsters were expected to memorize. In a book billed as the first "ecumenical catechism" since the Reformation, the Q-and-A format and many of the old answers are missing. Adults, not children, have been its readers since it was published in West Germany and Switzerland two years ago.

Now translated into English, *The Common Catechism* (The Seabury Press, \$10.95) is timed for Easter release in the U.S. Unlike traditional catechisms, the new book has a meek tone. For example, it notes that Christ's Resurrection has been a "permanent problem" for modern man. At one point it defends belief in the Trinity by remarking diffidently that it "may not have been such a bad idea after all."

The book is the joint product of 36 respected Protestant and Catholic theologians, most of them German and German-Swiss, who were commissioned to write it by Europe's Herder publishing house. The *Catechism* grew out of conversations at Vatican Council II between the Rev. Lukas Vischer, the top theologian at the World Council of Churches, and his friend Father Johannes Feiner, who was later appointed to the Pope's theological commission. Although Vischer and Feiner edited the book, it lacks official Protestant status, and the Vatican has made no comment.

Continuing Disputes. Much of the *Catechism* covers themes that have always united Protestants and Catholics: the reality of God, the work of Christ, the importance of prayer. Building on years of ecumenical discussion, the book also claims substantial current Protestant-Catholic agreement on previous points of division like Christ's presence in the Eucharist. As for the Reformation's belief in salvation through "grace alone," as against man's good works, the *Catechism* professes to see little left to ar-

*Amniotic fluid studies, which were used in development of the two vaccines and involved the largest number of fetuses, were experiments aimed at helping particular fetuses and are therefore not now at issue.

FRANCIS MILLER



U.S. CATHOLIC CATECHISM CLASS (1961)
A "permanent problem."

gued about. In fact, it contends that "it would certainly have been possible" to unite Protestants and Catholics except for continuing disputes on two topics: 1) the status of Mary in doctrine and worship, and 2) the structure and authority of the church, including the papacy.

The *Catechism* rejects a number of ideas that Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists have traditionally affirmed. For instance, the orthodox formulation of original sin is discarded. Because of it, old Catholic catechisms taught that it was a mortal sin not to baptize infants. The new *Catechism* says that "there can be no fundamental objections" if parents let children decide on their own whether to seek baptism, as Baptists do.

Following the trend of German scholarship, the book puts considerable limitations on the Bible. It says that "we can learn virtually nothing" from Scripture on specific questions of sexual morality. The Ten Commandments are "to a large extent conditioned by their age." Many New Testament passages are described as interpretations that were made later on by the church instead of accounts of what Jesus said and did.

The *Common Catechism* rejects Pope Paul's 1968 decree against artificial birth control and makes a strong case for Christian social involvement. Overall, the book is a useful survey of the kind of European liberalism that has guided Protestant ecumenism and that is increasingly attractive to ecumenically minded Catholics. Church Historian Martin Marty, a U.S. Lutheran, thinks that the book's "vision may be the only one open to 21st century Christians." On the other hand, it may be only the vision of an ecumenical theology, while many Protestants and Catholics cling as strongly as ever to the ideas contained in their traditional catechisms.

Died. Herbert Chitepo, 51, chairman of the Zimbabwe African National Union, a black Rhodesian freedom movement; in a land mine explosion as he backed out of his garage; in Lusaka, Zambia. In 1954 Chitepo became Rhodesia's first black lawyer (a special law was required to allow him to occupy chambers with white colleagues). An organizer of the Rhodesian African Nationalist movement, Chitepo went into exile after the movement was banned. His murder shadows efforts toward black-white détente in southern Africa.

Died. Theodore Schocken, 60, president of Schocken Books, Inc.; after a long illness; in White Plains, N.Y. A Jew, Schocken took over his father's Berlin publishing house in 1934 at the age of 19, issued a collection of Franz Kafka, including the corrosively anti-totalitarian novel *The Trial*. Publication was soon halted by the Gestapo. Driven into exile in 1938, Schocken fought with the U.S. Army against the Nazis, later established his own publishing house in New York, bringing out translations of Kafka's once *verboten* works.

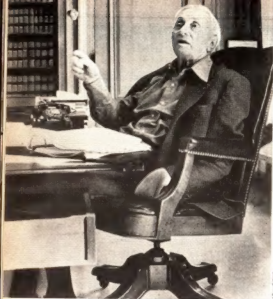
Died. Joe ("Ducky") Medwick, 63, hardhitting Hall of Fame outfielder; of an apparent heart attack; in St. Petersburg, Fla. A charter member of the St. Louis Cardinals' rambunctious "gas house gang" of the 1930s, the muscular Medwick, one of baseball's best bad-ball batters, dredged ankle-high pitches out of the dust and sent balls headed for his ear screaming over the wall. His lifetime average: .324. Short-fused Ducky was as quick with his fists as his bat. Running out a triple for his eleventh hit of the series in the seventh game of the 1934 championship between St. Louis and Detroit, Medwick was spiked by the Tiger third baseman and responded in kind, provoking a legendary riot. At inning's end, Tiger fans peppered left fielder Ducky with so many pies, vegetables and candied apples that he had to be yanked from the game.

Died. Don Jaime Borbón y Battenberg, 66, pretender to the Spanish throne; following a stroke; in St. Gallen, Switzerland. Son of Spain's last monarch, the syphilitic Alfonso XIII, Don Jaime was born a deaf-mute. He eventually learned to speak four languages, led a sybaritic life, mostly in Italy, after his father was forced to abdicate in 1931. Don Jaime renounced his claim to the Spanish throne in 1934, but began having second thoughts in the '50s as aging Caudillo Francisco Franco vacillated between Borbón claimants who he hoped would restore the monarchy. Don Jaime was bested in the regal jockeying by his handsome nephew Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón.

Died. Clarence L. ("Biggie") Munn, 66, football coach at Michigan State University from 1947 to 1953; of a stroke; in East Lansing, Mich. When "the Big Man" was hired in 1947, M.S.U.'s team was foundering. In the first game that Biggie coached, his Spartans were obliterated 55-0 by scornful rivals from the University of Michigan. Munn rallied, recruited his "brawn trust" and trained them so skillfully that they won 54 games, lost only nine and tied two in his six years as coach.

Died. Vincent Sheean, 75, Odyssean foreign correspondent and author; following treatment for lung cancer; in Arola, Italy. Sheean covered many of the century's key events: the rise to power of Mussolini and Hitler, the Chinese revolution of 1927, the Spanish Civil War, the London Blitz and the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. Chafing at the shibboleth of objectivity, he adopted a personal, partisan, generally leftist tone, though his fervor cooled after the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. After the war he turned to biography, writing about Gandhi, Verdi, and his friends Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson. But his best work is his own *Personal History* (1935), a minor classic on his first years as a swashbuckling, trench-coated correspondent.

Died. Perle Mesta, 85, capital society's "hostess with the mostes"; of an apparent heart attack; in Oklahoma City. Famed as "Two-Party Perle" for her bipartisan hospitality, Mesta assembled Senators and Congressmen, celebrities, showpeople and occasionally Presidents for elaborately calibrated soirees over three decades. Perle's gaiety, feigned naughtiness and passion for scandalous secrets charmed a generation of guests. Heiress to fortunes from her father and her husband, a Pittsburgh steel magnate, she mastered machine-tool manufacturing, invested in cattle ranching, campaigned for an equal-rights amendment for women in the 1930s, and buttonholed Southwestern oil barons for contributions to her "hero" Harry Truman during his come-from-behind campaign in 1948. Truman reciprocated in 1949 by creating for her the post of Minister to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, where her fetes for the duchess and footloose G.I.s inspired Irving Berlin's 1950 musical *Call Me Madam*. Her reign as Washington's leading hostess was resumed in 1954 and continued till 1972 with a brief interregnum during the Kennedy years (she backed Nixon in 1960), though she gradually shaded into the role of dowager. Ailing from a hip injury, Mesta left Washington last year without fanfare to be close to her brother, who was holding her hand when she died.



JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Climbing Back

The Supreme Court was hard at work last week on a heavy docket. But the biggest court news was not a decision from the bench, it was a return to it. Justice William O. Douglas, 76, came back 78 days after suffering a serious stroke while vacationing in the Bahamas with his wife. Still weak in his left arm and leg, Douglas entered the Supreme Court building in a wheelchair pushed by a court messenger. Though he will have to return to Walter Reed Army Medical Center for periodic therapy, the redoubtable Justice intends to resume his seat on the high bench this week. Despite reports that the proud outdoorsman might quit rather than be wheeled to work (TIME, Feb. 17), the liberal Douglas seems determined to deprive President Ford of the opportunity to appoint a conservative jurist to the court. On the job again and in high spirits, the old mountaineer gave an optimistic order to his secretary: "Tell the press to get ready. We're going to be back walking the canal pretty soon."

The Feds Win

Who owns the rich oil deposits that lie more than three miles off the U.S. Atlantic seaboard—the coastal states or the Federal Government? Last week the Supreme Court with Justice Douglas still absent ruled unanimously that the rights to the seabed and subsoil belong to the U.S. Despite the huge potential payoff involved, the Justices deliberated swiftly and reached their decision three weeks after oral argument.

The dispute began in 1969 when Maine announced plans to lease 3.3 million offshore acres for oil-company exploration. The Government, which had always handled such leases, promptly

sued Maine and twelve other Atlantic coastal states. The states' principal argument was that they had acquired rights to all offshore resources under royal charters long before the U.S. was formed. The states further contended that they had never transferred those rights to the Government via the Constitution or any other document.

Legally, their argument was a long shot—and it missed. In 1947 and 1950, the court had turned down similar claims by California, Texas and Louisiana, based on "tradition" rather than royal charter. The Federal Government's jurisdiction over foreign affairs, foreign commerce and national defense, said the court, gave it title and rights to minerals from the coastline outward to sea. In 1953 Congress returned to the states their rights out to the three-mile limit, but no farther. In *U.S. v. Maine*, the court last week said that the states are not entitled to an inch more than Congress gave them. Thus it cleared the way for the Interior Department to start the leasing procedures for the Baltimore Canyon, a promising offshore area stretching from New Jersey to Virginia.

The states, however, are unlikely to give up on efforts to get their cut of oil revenues. Said Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel when he learned of the court's decision: "The oil companies can do all the drilling they want, but they still have to deal with the states when it comes to getting the oil ashore."

Life with Father

The equal-rights movement has bumped up against one of the most powerful bastions of male dominance in the U.S.—and moved it. Last week the men who sit on the Supreme Court, again with Douglas absent, unanimously ruled that an amendment to the Social Security Act granting aid to a widow caring for a child but not to a widower is unconstitutional. Taking a tough stand against sex discrimination, the court said that the Constitution would not tolerate the assumption "that male workers' earnings are vital to the support of their families, while the earnings of female wage earners do not significantly contribute to their families' support."

The case involved Stephen Wiesenfeld, 31, an Edison, N.J., widower whose wife Paula died in childbirth in 1972. Paula had worked as a teacher, earning about \$10,000 a year; her husband, a

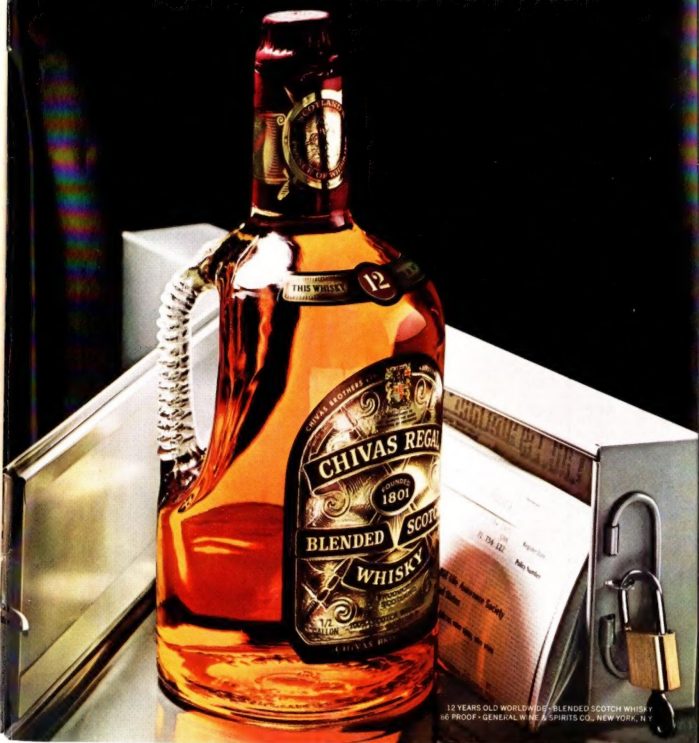
self-employed consultant, had an income of \$2,188 during the year before her death. Left to care for their infant son Jason, Wiesenfeld applied for Social Security benefits for the boy and himself. Though he won an award for Jason, Wiesenfeld was told he was ineligible because such benefits were available only to widows. Wiesenfeld sued in federal district court in Newark, charging that the act denied him equal protection and violated the due-process clause of the Fifth Amendment. A three-judge panel agreed, and last week the Supreme Court affirmed that decision.

New Payments. The ruling will give fresh momentum to groups seeking to batter down legal barriers based on sex. Wrote Justice William Brennan for the court: "The gender-based distinction [in the Social Security Act] is entirely irrational."

The Government had argued that the purpose of the law was to provide an income to women who could not provide for themselves because of economic discrimination. The Justices countered by pointing out that Congress had intended the law to allow women to choose not to work and devote themselves instead to the care of children. But without a mother, said the court, "it is no less important for a child to be cared for by its sole surviving parent when that parent is male rather than female." The decision allows for a new class of Social Security payments. The Government estimates that such payments would have cost an extra \$20 million last year.

WIDOWER STEPHEN WIESENFELD & SON JASON
An entirely irrational distinction.

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